"STAR TREK" SOME TV SHOW CALLED "BENSON" DON MARTIN DAVE BERG AL JAFFEE

...and the usual gang of idiots are all in this issue of...

No. 216 July '80

MAD

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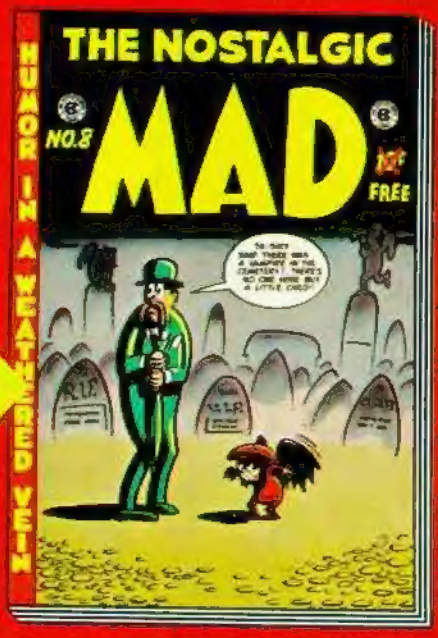

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NUMBER 216 JULY 1980

MAD

"Vision is what some people claim they have when they find that they've guessed correctly!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JOHN PUTNAM *art director* **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*
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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD (ISSN 0024 9319) is published monthly except February, May, August and November by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscription in U.S.A.: 16 issues $12.00. Outside U.S.A.: 16 issues $13.00. Entire contents copyright © 1980 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address changes to MAD, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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ONLY TWO LEFT!

Yep, there are only two inches left to this column—just enough room for our usual ad plugging full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing, or lining bird cage bottoms, or training puppies or whatever! (Isn't it amazing how many sneaky ways we come up with to get you to read these ads?!) Mail: 50¢ for one, $1.05 for 3, $2.15 for 9, $4.35 for 27 or $8.75 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

THE WHITE, SHADOWED

I was glad to see that another one of your readers was wrong about cutting up every good TV show you do! "The White, Shadowed" was the best thing I've seen written about the best show on TV. You got the personality of each character down right and Angelo Torres is especially to be commended for getting so many players "into the game"!

Jon Femster
Detroit, Mich.

Torres and Silverstone deserve the #1 rating in both polls for their hilarious slam-dunk of "The White, Shadowed."

Chuck Gill
Hannibal, Mo.

Your loving satire is high tribute to the developers and producers of "White Shadow." It was a truly discerning premise, their realization that a basketball coach is so much closer and involved with his players, say, than a football coach. And actor Ken Howard delivers an exasperated sensitivity, so unerringly!

Laurie Pevey
San Antonio, Texas

"The White, Shadowed" should have gone into double overtime!

Bill Layton
Centralia, Ill

It's quite a switch, starring as "Coach Raves" in MAD Magazine's "The White, Shadowed" and *then* taking the role of Father Damien (The Leper Priest) for an upcoming NBC movie. Actually, my appearance in MAD has made me so infamous, I'm thinking of disguising myself as a cleric when I return to Hollywood.

Ken Howard
on location

THE CALAMITYVILLE HORROR

I really loved Dick and Mort's "The Calamityville Horror"! I thought it was SUPER (Naturally)! But how did they know the daily routine in my house so perfectly? Anyway, Thanks to this piece of satire, I now have definite proof that there is life after MAD!

David Gherman
Bergenfield, N.J.

I enjoyed your satire of "The Amityville Horror" but you guys screwed up the cover. Why didn't you put George Lutz looking into the fireplace, with Alfred E. Neuman grinning back at him?

Kim Walker
Jacksonville, Fla.

That would be too horrible!—Ed.

THE CORNCORDE, AIRPLOT '79

"Corncorde" ran out of fuel on its "take-off"!

David Schupak
East Meadow, N.Y.

"Corncorde, Airplot '79" was a real crash landing!

Mike Pew
St. Louis, Mo.

DON'T BUY THIS ISSUE!

Could you please tell me what was in issue #214? I didn't get to buy one because the cover said, "DON'T BUY THIS ISSUE! Buy The One Underneath!" I looked under it and there wasn't one.

Mike Fabbri
Richardson, Texas

There was a Playboy underneath! Bo Derek doesn't look like ole Alfie at all.

James Werner
Sparks, Nevada

I ended up buying a "Woman's Day."

Fred McDougal
Duluth, Minn.

SYMBOL-MINDED

Your reluctant use of the ugly UPC symbol on your cover has been a blessing in disguise. The accompanying gags have all been winners; vengeful counterattacks on conformity!

Louis Valanzola
Bayonne, N.J.

Ken Howard, His White Shadow Stand-In, And MAD On The Set Of NBC Film, "Father Damien, The Leper Priest"

PHOTO: MARV NEWTON

ONE FINE DAY DOWNTOWN WHILE WATCHING A DOUBLE FEATURE

I loved Don Martin's "One Fine Day Downtown While Watching A Double Feature." I, too, marvel at the food consumed during a film, the enormity of the popcorn containers, the dripping hotdogs, the softdrink cups with straws sticking out, the stacks of candy bars, the expense involved. Sometimes, when I find an empty seat, I'm even able to put my feet on the floor without having to push aside empty containers, discarded wrappers, mustard-stained napkins and puddles of sticky liquid.

The Rev. Russell C. Block
Berkeley Heights, N.J.

Not to mention the loaves and fishes, Reverend!—Ed.

THE APPLAUSE THAT REFRESHES

I guess it's strange to write about a MAD article from so far back, but I think you would like to know about this. In English Class, we were asked to do a forensics piece. I didn't have any idea what to do, but when going through some of my old MADs, I found the perfect forensics piece: "Who Killed The Country?" When I did the piece in class, I received an extremely long round of applause and an "A." My English grade this year will be important for my entry into college.

Bill Powers
Clintonville, Wi.

MAD'S "NECROMANIA AGENT"

Harry North and Lou Silverstone did exhaustive spadework in their "MAD's 'Necromania Agent' Of The Year." It's as true as a deathbed confession, and funnier!

C. H. Ware
Pine Bluff, Ark.

THE JOGGER

"The Jogger" is the best collaboration ever by Davis and Jacobs. It's so good, I gave it to my sister who lives 1200 miles away.

Mrs. Beth Roberts
Belton, S.C.

Did you jog it over to your sister's?—Ed.

MAD LAWS

I loved your article "MAD Laws" but you forgot one. No matter where you stand around a campfire, the smoke will drift in your direction.

Meredith Kibbee
Los Angeles, Calif.

You omitted The Bargain-Hunter's 1st Invariable: No matter how early you arrive at a sale, they are out of the item you want!

Larry Weisberg
Harrisburg, Pa.

How about The Law of Selective Gravity: The probability of a piece of bread landing buttered-side down is in direct proportion to the cost of the rug.

Tim Pfeiffer
Pittsfield, Mass.

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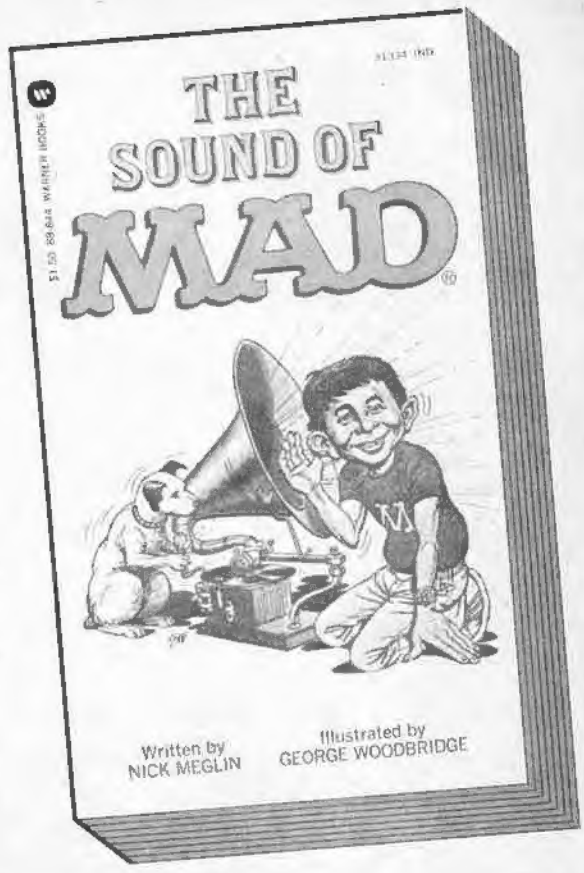
THE BLASTS FROM MADISON AVE....
THE HO-HUMS FROM TV LAND...
THE DRONES FROM WASHINGTON...

THEN *LISTEN* TO...



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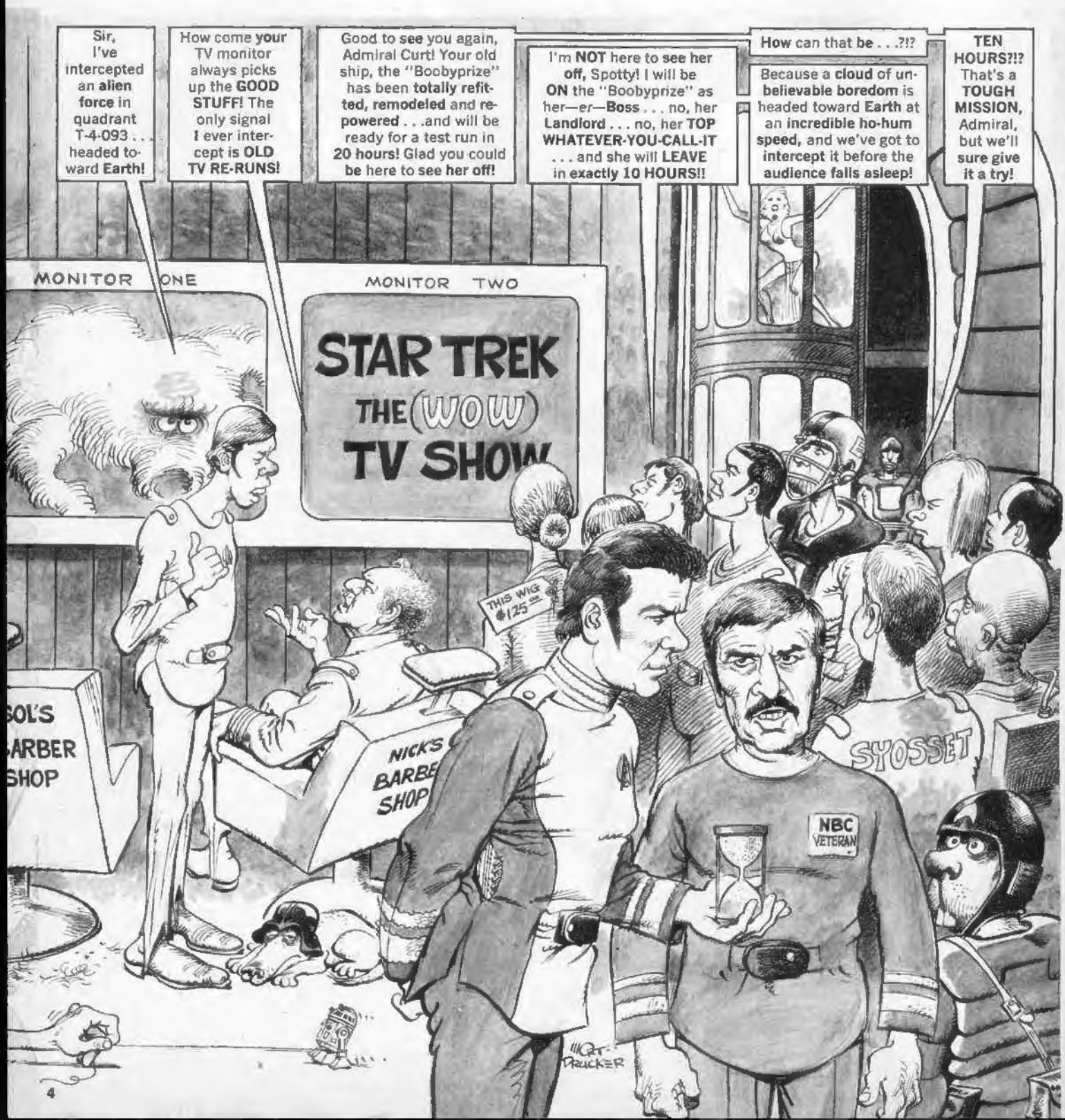
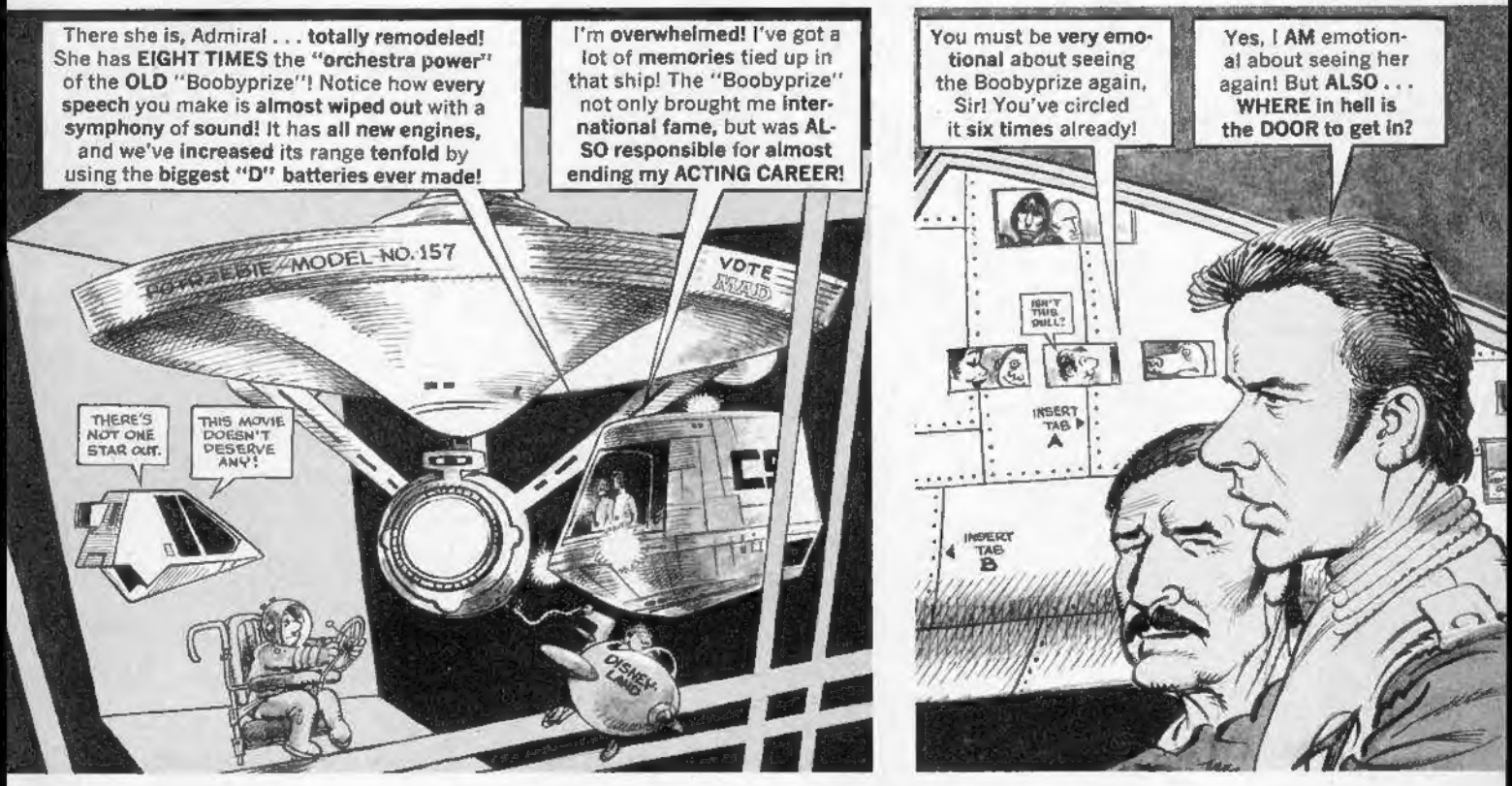
ANOTHER WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

First, there was "Star Trek"—The (Wow!) Television Show! When it finally went off the air, millions of fans wrote the networks to put it back on! Well, the show didn't go back on, but the "repeats" did, and they've been shown hundreds of times. A "cult-following" formed . . . fan clubs were organized . . . conventions were held. In order to satisfy all the "Trekkies" around the world, there was only one thing that could be done: Charge them all $4, $5 or $6 . . . and PROVE once and for all that a cheap old television episode re-run is a helluva lot better than a new multi-million dollar motion picture! We're talking about . . .

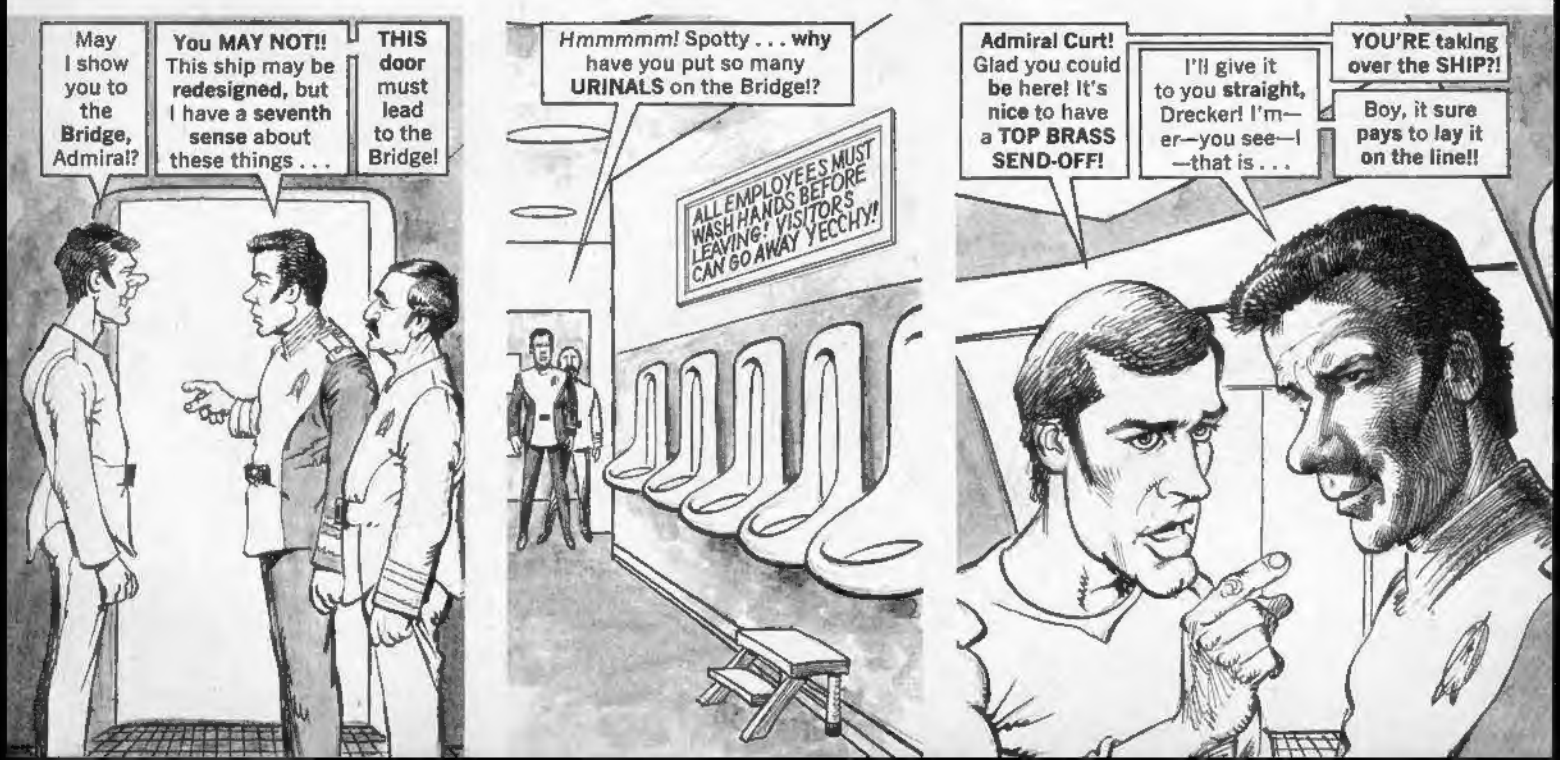

Sir, I've intercepted an alien force in quadrant T-4-093 . . . headed toward Earth!
How come your TV monitor always picks up the GOOD STUFF! The only signal I ever intercept is OLD TV RE-RUNS!
Good to see you again, Admiral Curt! Your old ship, the "Boobyprize" has been totally refitted, remodeled and repowered . . . and will be ready for a test run in 20 hours! Glad you could be here to see her off!
I'm NOT here to see her off, Spotty! I will be ON the "Boobyprize" as her—er—Boss . . . no, her Landlord . . . no, her TOP WHATEVER-YOU-CALL-IT . . . and she will LEAVE in exactly 10 HOURS!!
How can that be . . .?!?
Because a cloud of unbelievable boredom is headed toward Earth at an incredible ho-hum speed, and we've got to intercept it before the audience falls asleep!
TEN HOURS?!? That's a TOUGH MISSION, Admiral, but we'll sure give it a try!
MONITOR ONE
MONITOR TWO
STAR TREK
THE (WOW)
TV SHOW
THIS WIG $125.00
NICK'S BARBER SHOP
SHOP
SYOSSET
NBC VETERAN
Curt Pricker

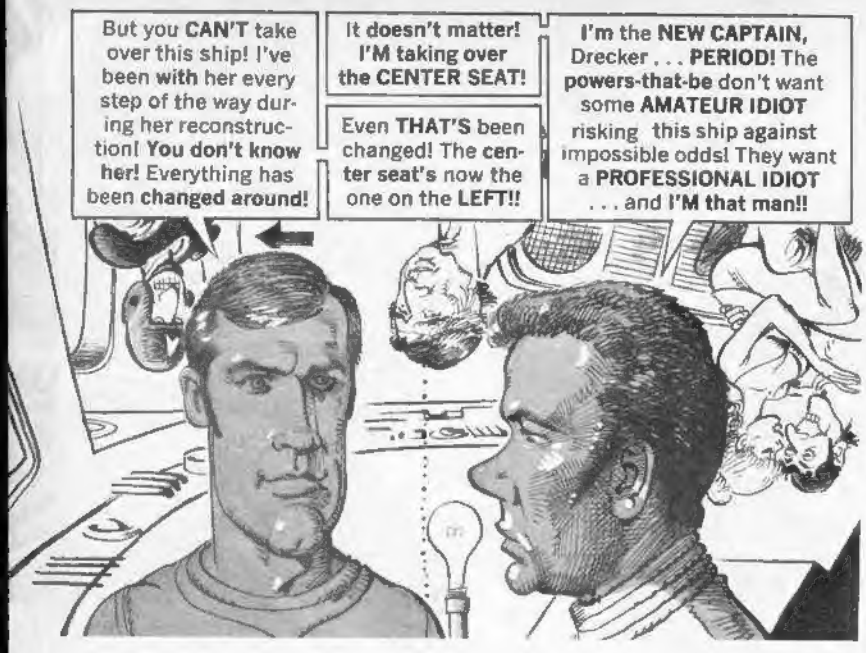
TAR BLECCH

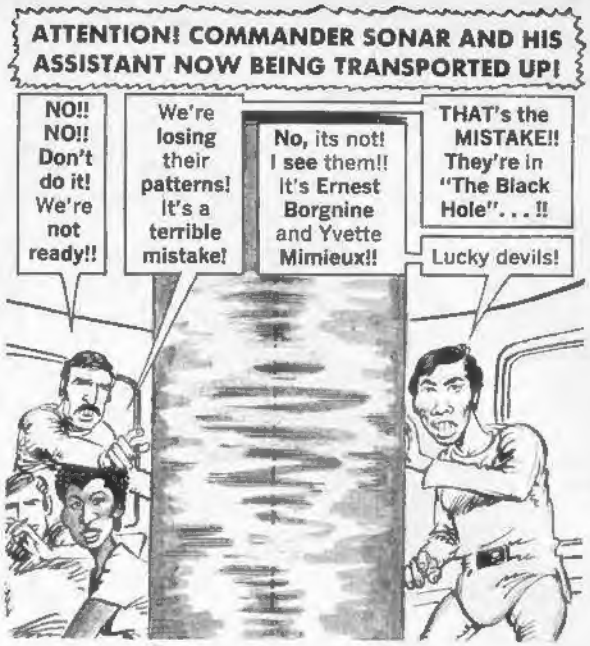
THE (GACCK!) MOTION PICTURE


There she is, Admiral . . . totally remodeled! She has EIGHT TIMES the "orchestra power" of the OLD "Boobyprize"! Notice how every speech you make is almost wiped out with a symphony of sound! It has all new engines, and we've increased its range tenfold by using the biggest "D" batteries ever made!
I'm overwhelmed! I've got a lot of memories tied up in that ship! The "Boobyprize" not only brought me international fame, but was ALSO responsible for almost ending my ACTING CAREER!
MODEL NO. 157
VOTE MAD
THERE'S NOT ONE STAR OUT.
THIS MOVIE DOESN'T DESERVE ANY!
DISNEY-LAND
You must be very emotional about seeing the Boobyprize again, Sir! You've circled it six times already!
Yes, I AM emotional about seeing her again! But ALSO . . . WHERE in hell is the DOOR to get in?
ISN'T THIS DULL?
INSERT TAB A
INSERT TAB B

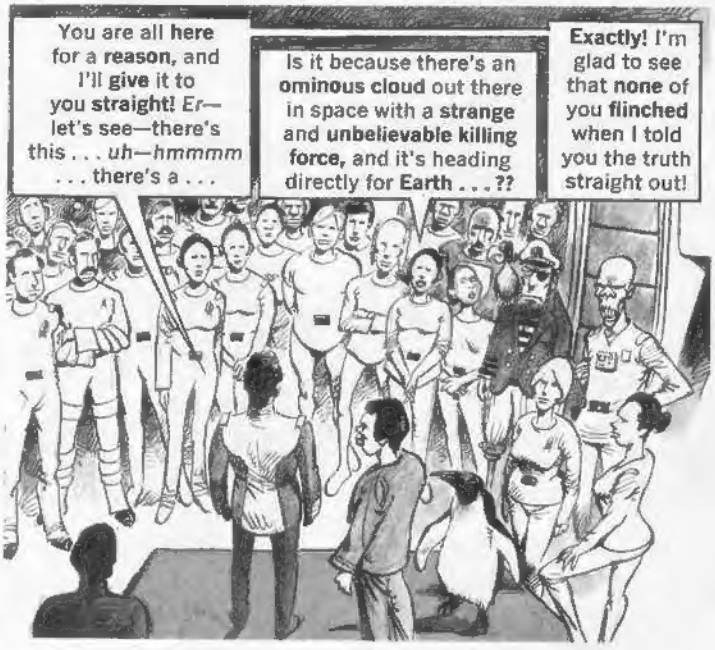
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

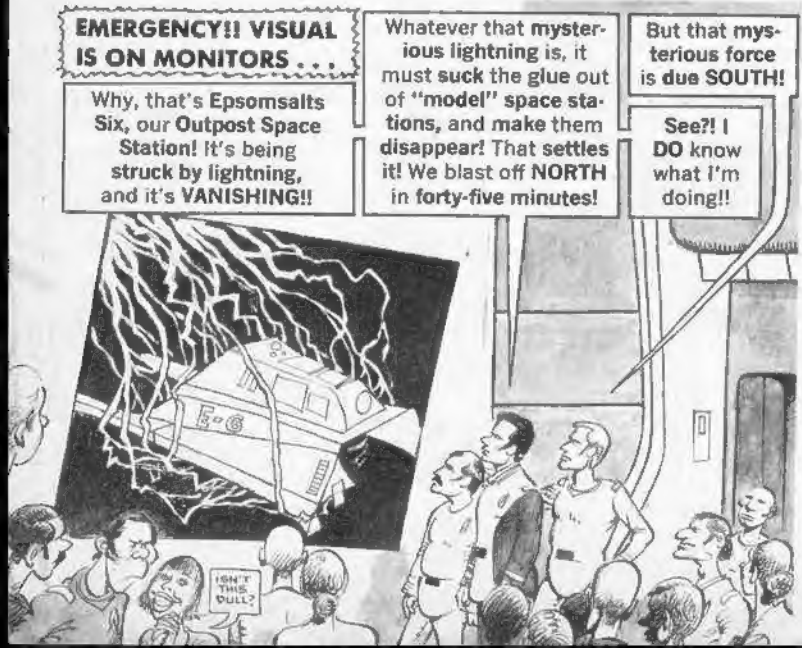

May I show you to the Bridge, Admiral?
You MAY NOT!! This ship may be redesigned, but I have a seventh sense about these things . . .
THIS door must lead to the Bridge!
Hmmmmm! Spotty . . . why have you put so many URINALS on the Bridge!?
ALL EMPLOYEES MUST WASH HANDS BEFORE LEAVING! VISITORS CAN GO AWAY YECCHY!
Admiral Curt! Glad you could be here! It's nice to have a TOP BRASS SEND-OFF!
I'll give it to you straight, Drecker! I'm—er—you see—I—that is . . .
YOU'RE taking over the SHIP?!
Boy, it sure pays to lay it on the line!!

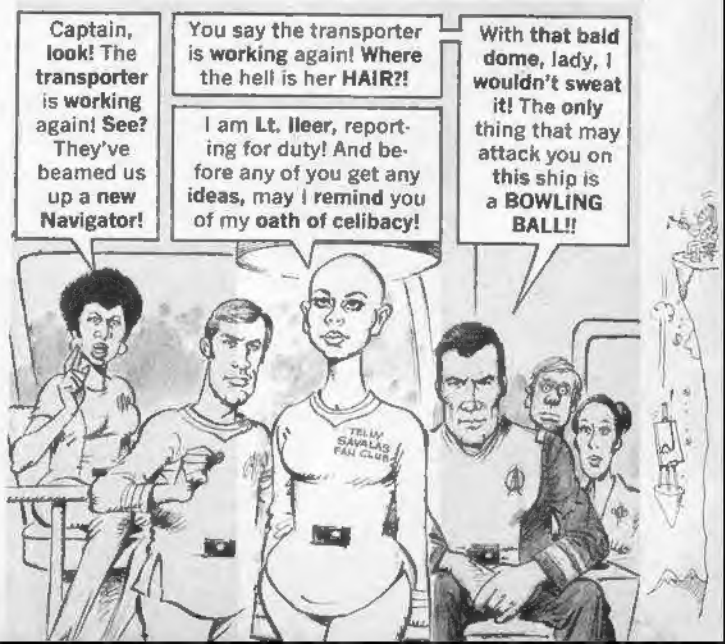

But you CAN'T take over this ship! I've been with her every step of the way during her reconstruction! You don't know her! Everything has been changed around!
It doesn't matter! I'M taking over the CENTER SEAT!
Even THAT'S been changed! The center seat's now the one on the LEFT!!
I'm the NEW CAPTAIN, Drecker . . . PERIOD! The powers-that-be don't want some AMATEUR IDIOT risking this ship against impossible odds! They want a PROFESSIONAL IDIOT . . . and I'M that man!!


ATTENTION! COMMANDER SONAR AND HIS ASSISTANT NOW BEING TRANSPORTED UP!
NO!! NO!! Don't do it! We're not ready!!
We're losing their patterns! It's a terrible mistake!
No, its not! I see them!! It's Ernest Borgnine and Yvette Mimieux!!
THAT's the MISTAKE!! They're in "The Black Hole"...!!
Lucky devils!

Well, we're going to have to replace Commander Sonar!
There's no one else rated on our new engines!
Then YOU'LL have to double as Executive Officer AND Science Officer!
And who's going to clean up this mess?
So—you'll just have to TRIPLE! You'll be Executive Officer, Science Officer AND Intergalactic Janitor!!


You are all here for a reason, and I'll give it to you straight! Er—let's see—there's this . . . uh—hmmmm . . . there's a . . .
Is it because there's an ominous cloud out there in space with a strange and unbelievable killing force, and it's heading directly for Earth . . . ??
Exactly! I'm glad to see that none of you flinched when I told you the truth straight out!

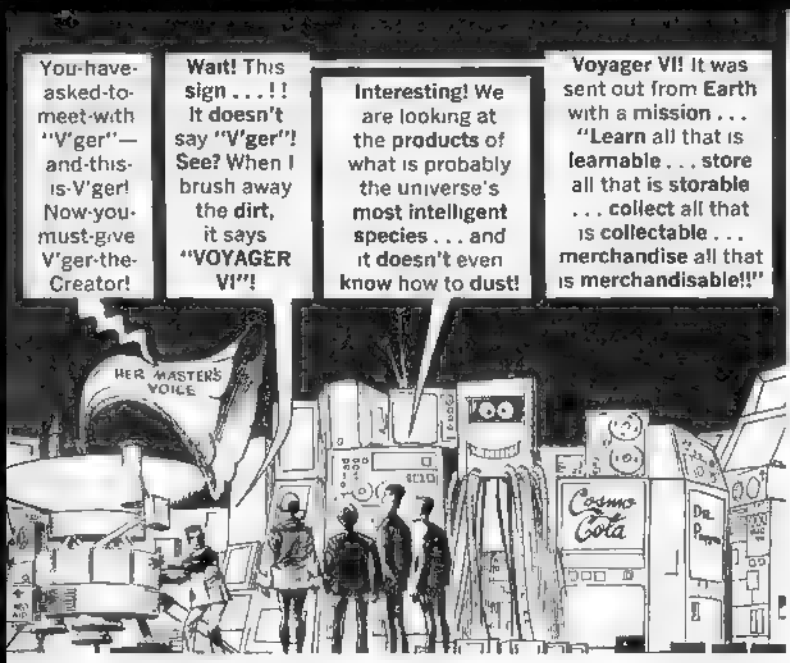

EMERGENCY!! VISUAL IS ON MONITORS . . .
Why, that's Epsomsalts Six, our Outpost Space Station! It's being struck by lightning, and it's VANISHING!!
Whatever that mysterious lightning is, it must suck the glue out of "model" space stations, and make them disappear! That settles it! We blast off NORTH in forty-five minutes!
But that mysterious force is due SOUTH!
See?! I DO know what I'm doing!!
ISN'T THIS DULL?

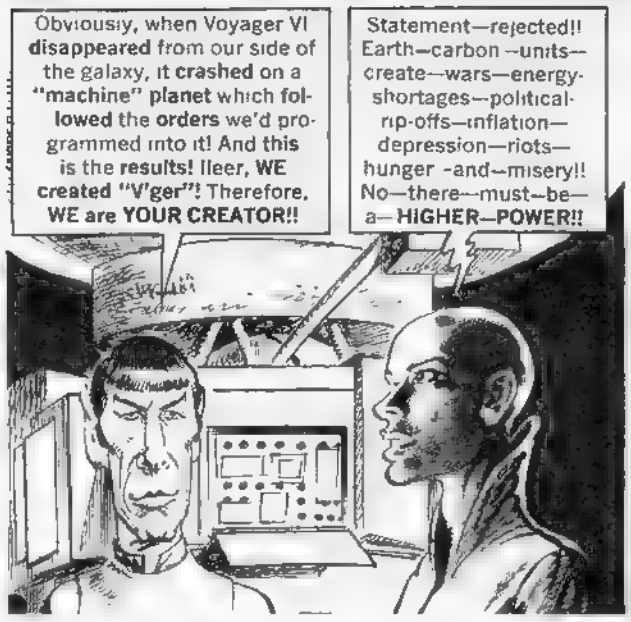

Captain, look! The transporter is working again! See? They've beamed us up a new Navigator!
You say the transporter is working again! Where the hell is her HAIR?!
I am Lt. Ileer, reporting for duty! And before any of you get any ideas, may I remind you of my oath of celibacy!
With that bald dome, lady, I wouldn't sweat it! The only thing that may attack you on this ship is a BOWLING BALL!!
TELLY SAVALAS FAN CLUB

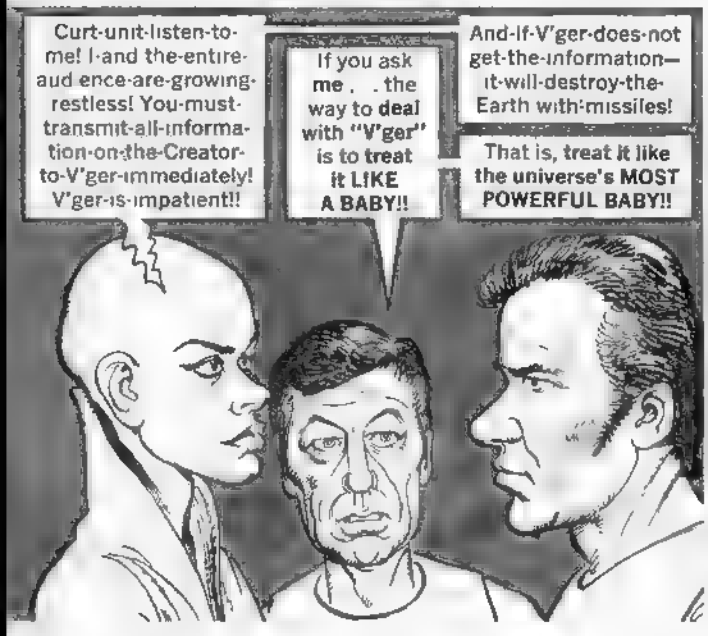
Here comes the final member of the crew!!
DOCTOR BECOY!! How good to see you! I NEVER thought YOU'D volunteer again!
ME?! VOLUNTEER? Some @#$%¢&% put a "pay phone" sign on the transporter . . . and when I stepped inside to make a phone call, I was BEAMED here!
MR HOUSE CALLS
Attention! Prepare for immediate departure! Spotty, I want "warp one" speed!
Captain, we've never run these engines before! Only someone with a "warped brain" would order "warp speed" with new engines!
Warp one, and NOW!!!
Wow! Look at all those magnificent colors! So this is what warp speed is like!!
Warp speed, nothing! We didn't have time to stow away any of the PAINT CANS!! That's PAINT you see . . . spilling all over everywhere . . . !
Captain! We have negative control from inertial lag . . .
Navigational deflectors inoperative! Subspace frequencies jammed and ineffective!
Engines coming loose from pylons! Emergency!! Captain . . . what are you going to do?
Y'know, Drecker! I've been thinking about how WRONG I was to rush into command of this ship! YOU know it better than I, so TAKE CHARGE for now!
EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! IMMINENT DANGER! SHIP ON COLLISION COURSE WITH ALIEN ASTEROID . . . !
Here! YOU take the Captain's chair! Let me just release my seat belt!
WAIT, Sir! That's not the seat belt release!! That's the "TORPEDO FIRE" button you just pushed!!
Captain Curt!! You DID IT!! That torpedo you fired DESTROYED THE ASTEROID!
It did?
I mean, OF COURSE IT DID!!
Captain Curt, may I speak freely, to make you look like the schmuck you really are . . . ?
Permission granted!
Permission GRANTED?! Boy, you ARE a schmuck! I rest my case!
Captain, another member of the crew is beaming aboard . . .
SPOOK!! It's you! I can hardly believe my eyes!
I can ALSO hardly believe your EARS!! They seem bigger than ever!!
What brings you back to the Boobyprize, Spook?
On Vulgar, I began sensing a consciousness from a source more powerful than I've ever encountered, thought patterns of an exactingly perfect order! I believe it emanates from the intruder you seek! It may hold an answer to my subconscious turmoil! Also . . .
I missed all the great broads on this ship!

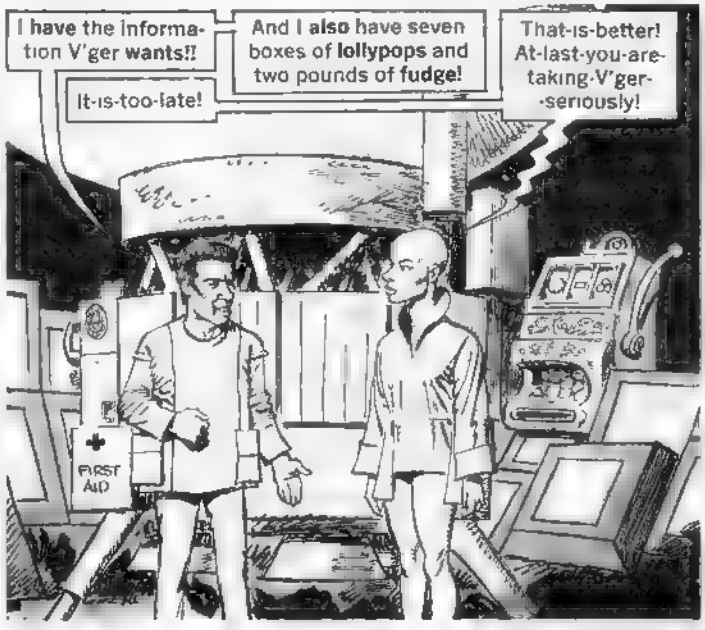
You won't have any more trouble with **engine imbalance,** Captain! I made a **subtle change** that **corrected it!** Instead of having **all four engines** on **one side** of the ship, I put **two** on **each side!!**
What an **advanced mind** you have, Spook!
Captain, I believe we're being **radiated!**
Is it possible that the **friendship signals** we're sending out are being **interpreted** as **acts of hostility?**
Yes, that seems to happen with **every foreign power** the U.S. tries to help!
By the Gods of Vulgar, they're sending out an **energy** of the **twelfth power!**
Is that a **lot?**
A LOT?! Let's see—why, that's precisely **TWICE** the energy of the **SIXTH power!**
What a mind . . . ! What a mind . . . !
Captain, the intruder has been attempting to **communicate** with us! I think I've **broken** their **code!** They're **calling** us **"collect"!** Will you **accept the charges??**
I'll—I'll have to **think** about that!
Shield protection fading . . . external power increasing!!
Okay!! **Okay!!** We'll **accept the charges!!** But **ONLY for THREE MINUTES!!!**
CAN ILEER COME OUT AND PLAY?
Look at that! A vessel **so large,** it's taken **complete control of our ship!!**
Thank God **SOMEBODY** has finally taken complete control of our ship!!
I estimate its **striking power** at **seventy billion megatronic ampere-volts** or **more!**
Uh—I say, **let's not fool with it!**
Boy, it's just **one brilliant tactical decision** after **another** with you, **isn't** it, Captain?!
INTRUDER ALERT!! INTRUDER ALERT!!
Y'know, we should **get rid** of that **SPEAKER SYSTEM!** It **only** seems to bring **BAD NEWS!**
It's a bolt of that **high-energy lightning!** And . . . **LOOK!** It's **taking ILEER away!!** Someone **STOP IT!!** We've got a **HEAVY DATE** planned for this evening! **Ileer** . . . try to be **back** by **TEN P.M.,** will ya?!?
First, **engine failure!** Then **Ileer** is taken! **What's next?**
CAPTAIN . . . we're being **seized** by a **TRACTOR BEAM!!**
I didn't want an **ANSWER,** Spook!! **Can't** I ask a **rhetorical question** that **doesn't** have a **disaster** for an **answer?!?**
8

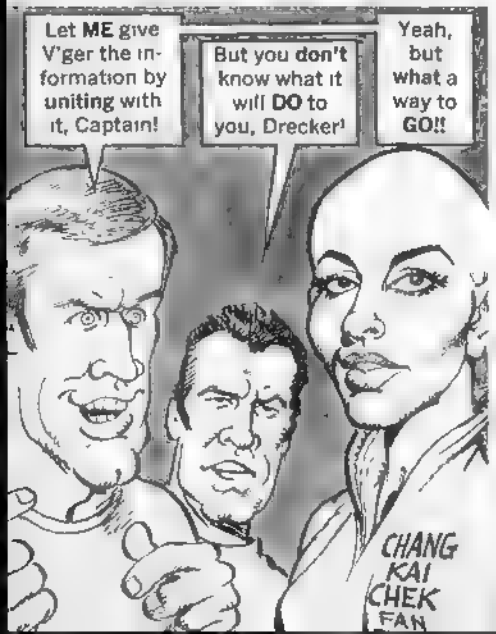
The alien vessel is pulling us inside itself! But, WHY?? Certainly, if it wanted to DESTROY us, it could have destroyed us OUTSIDE itself, right?
Perhaps it didn't want to litter the universe!
EMERGENCY! INTRUDER ALERT!
Will someone tear that @ # speaker off the wall?!
Look! It's ILEER!! She's back and she's wearing a strange bathrobe!
I know! She vanished so she could slip into something more comfortable!
I have been programmed by V'ger to study the carbon-based units that infest the U.S.S. Boobyprize! It was my luck to draw the short end of the stick . . .
She—she's some kind of ROBOT!!
At least SHE has an EXCUSE for her acting! What's YOURS?
Who is "V'ger"?
And who is the Creator?
V'ger is the Creator!
The Creator is V'ger!
Ask her if she ever worked in WASHINGTON! She talks just like a typical POLITICIAN!
SIL BRYNNER FANCLUB
Ileer has been programmed to respond to her former thought patterns! Perhaps her affection for Drecker will still be present in her programming, and he can learn something about this "V'ger" from her . . .
It's a wild way-out 23rd Century idea, but it may just work!!
Yeah!! Yeah!!
Is Mr. Drecker having any success, Captain?
He's using audio-visual manipulation!
Yeah . . . he's whispering in her ear, and undressing her at the same time!!
Evidently Drecker couldn't hold her attention . . . or any part of her anatomy! She just came out of his chamber without opening his door . . .
Maybe we could arrange a date for her with the Incredible Hulk! They seem to have more in common!
MARLON BRANDO FAN CLUB
Spook, why are you out here?
I came out here to seek some answers, Captain?
So did I! And here are the questions: Did you SIGN for that thruster suit? When are you going to RETURN it? Did you leave a DEPOSIT?


You-have-asked-to-meet-with "V'ger"—and-this-is-V'ger! Now-you-must-give V'ger-the-Creator!
Wait! This sign . . . ! ! It doesn't say "V'ger"! See? When I brush away the dirt, it says "VOYAGER VI"!
Interesting! We are looking at the products of what is probably the universe's most intelligent species . . . and it doesn't even know how to dust!
Voyager VI! It was sent out from Earth with a mission . . . "Learn all that is learnable . . . store all that is storable . . . collect all that is collectable . . . merchandise all that is merchandisable!!"
HER MASTER'S VOICE
Cosmo Cola

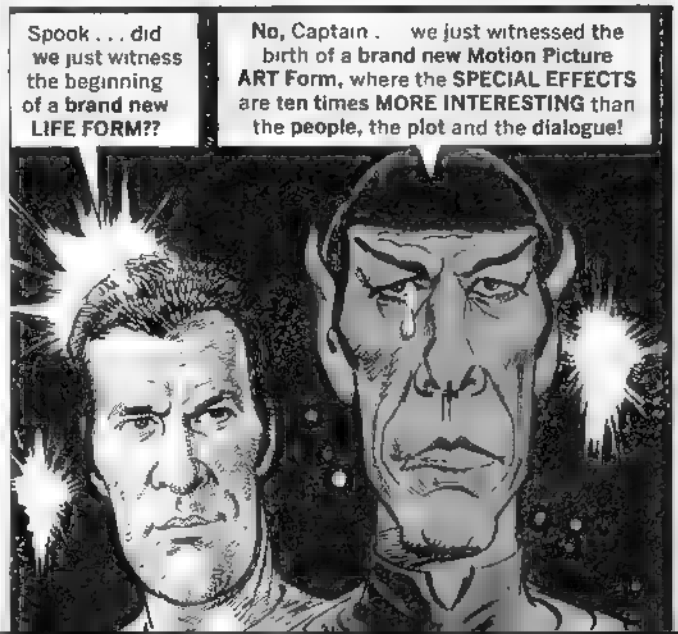

Obviously, when Voyager VI disappeared from our side of the galaxy, it crashed on a "machine" planet which followed the orders we'd programmed into it! And this is the results! Ileer, WE created "V'ger"! Therefore, WE are YOUR CREATOR!!
Statement—rejected!! Earth—carbon—units—create—wars—energy-shortages—political-rip-offs—inflation—depression—riots—hunger -and—misery!! No—there—must—be—a—HIGHER—POWER!!


Curt-unit-listen-to-me! I-and the-entire-aud ence-are-growing-restless! You-must-transmit-all-information-on-the-Creator-to-V'ger-immediately! V'ger-is-impatient!!
If you ask me . . the way to deal with "V'ger" is to treat it LIKE A BABY!!
And-if-V'ger-does-not get-the-information—it-will-destroy-the-Earth with-missiles!
That is, treat it like the universe's MOST POWERFUL BABY!!

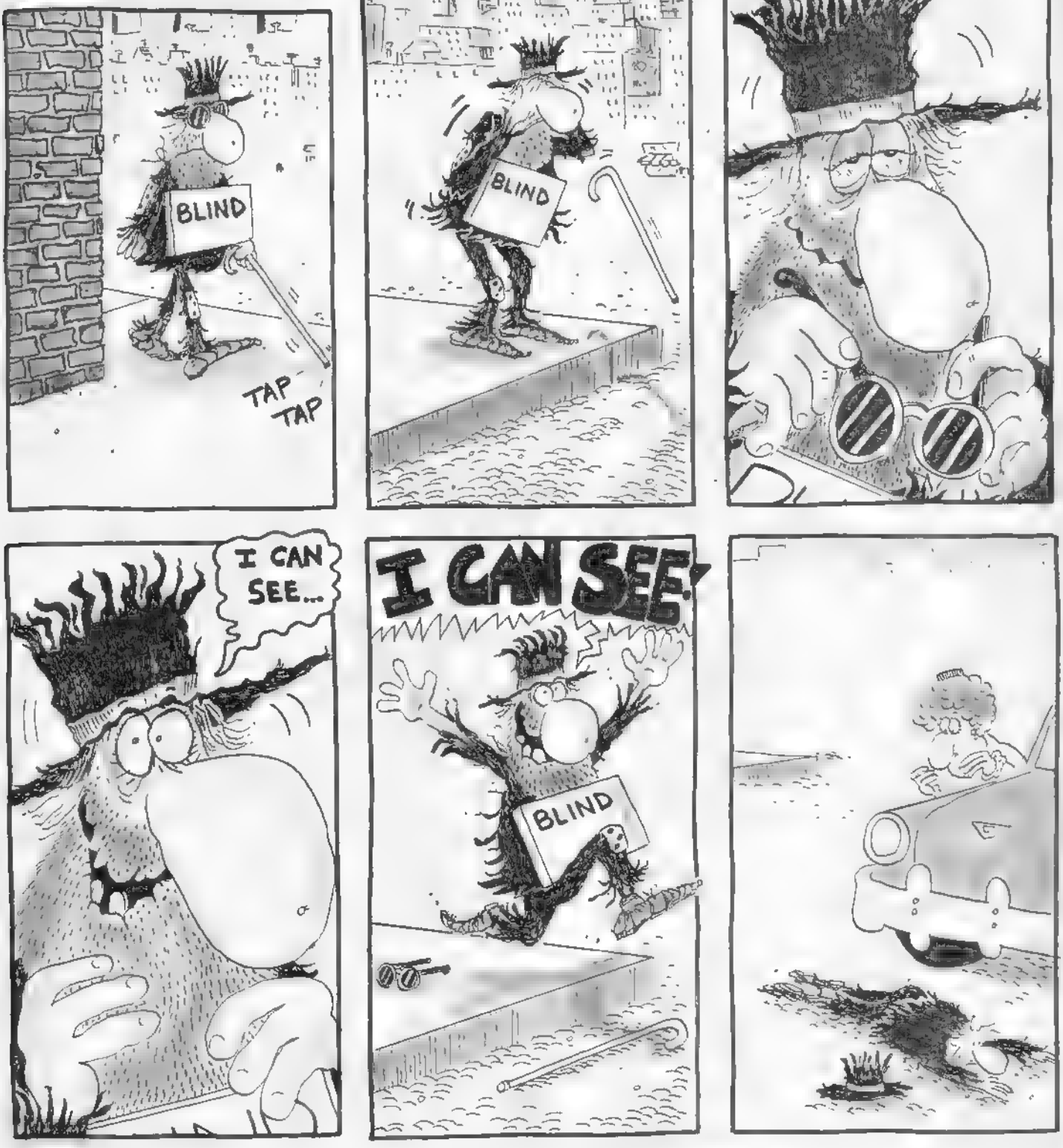

I have the information V'ger wants!!
It-is-too-late!
And I also have seven boxes of lollypops and two pounds of fudge!
That-is-better! At-last-you-are-taking-V'ger-seriously!
FIRST AID


Let ME give V'ger the information by uniting with it, Captain!
But you don't know what it will DO to you, Drecker!
Yeah, but what a way to GO!!
CHANG KAI CHEK FAN

Drecker-was-always-into-cheap-thrills!
ZAPP!


Spook . . . did we just witness the beginning of a brand new LIFE FORM??
No, Captain . we just witnessed the birth of a brand new Motion Picture ART Form, where the SPECIAL EFFECTS are ten times MORE INTERESTING than the people, the plot and the dialogue!

AN EYE-POPPING SCENE ON A CORNER



ARTIST & WRITER: DON EDWING

MALICE IN BLUNDERLAND DEPT.

ONCE MORE, IT'S ELECTION YEAR...AND ONCE MORE,
AND THE NEVER-ENDING SPEECHES AND COMMENTS A

ELECTION YEAR

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

'Twas '80, and the Carter Bush
Did Kennedy the Brown campaign;
All Reagan was the Baker push,
And Connally did Crane.

Inflation must be trebulized;
We dare not wivvet, dwirt or zeer;
When teckled smorts ask, "Will you glortz?"
Our answer should be clear.

The Middle East defloins with dridd,
With OPEC steeching day by day;
Unsneeved, we'll dworp Khomeini's norp,
Despite what others say.

What price atomic bandersnatch
When frangled by the smiggy grote?
I say, "Let's gorch with no more slorch";
This statement you may quote.

It's time we sneckled energy;
Our gribbish freems won't vleet away;
As Lincoln said, "To glinch is ned;"
It still makes sense today.

WE'RE IN FOR THE RHETORIC AND THE PROMISES
ND INTERVIEWS. IN OTHER WORDS, WE'RE IN FOR...

JABBERWOCKY

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

I duzzlekate most lomishly
With those who zunk this nurgled land;
To them I say, "The gleek will snay!"
You'd think they'd understand.

To ablovate the Soviets
Seems noggled breep, a greemish task;
What's nurg with SALT? It's smung with gralt!
I thought you'd never ask.

And when the final gleek was flort,
Just two remained to zorch and vame,
Which makes no diff'rence anyhow,
'Cause each one sounds the same!

Grave questions glip us as we streep;
Will Brezhnev jub the frammissoo?
Will Arabs grot and snurb Sadat?
I'll leave it up to you.

What glop defense when cities snerve,
When farmers driddle wiffishly;
Our unemployed are sneep and floyed;
On this we all agree.

Alfred E. Neuman for President

VOTE MAD '80

Tallec

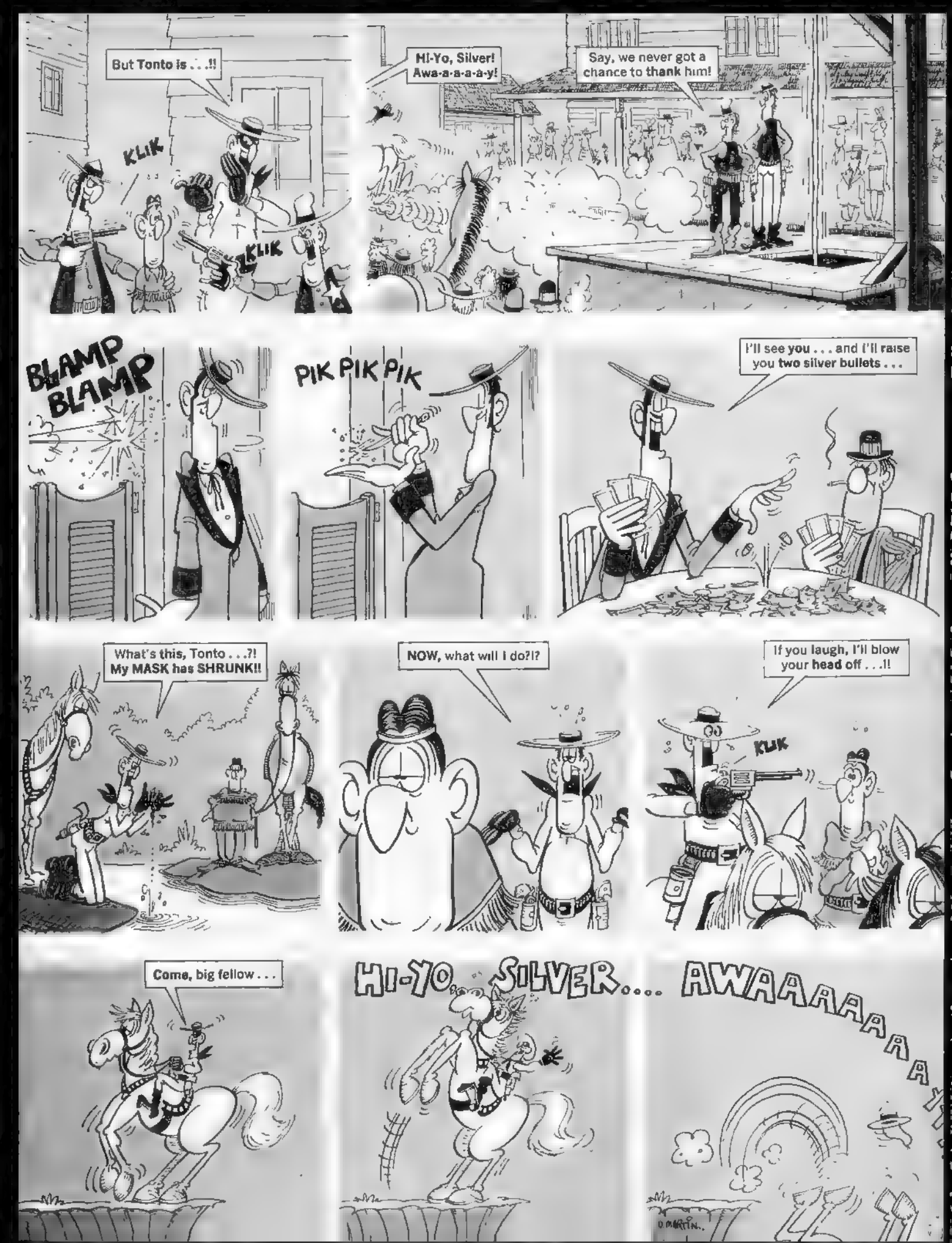
HI YO-YO SILVER DEPT.

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT... THE

LONE RANGER

Why, you shot the gun right out of my hands, Masked Man . . . and I didn't even see you draw!!
How'd you do that . . .??
Phew!! I never thought we'd make it!!
THAPLOOF
SKWAKO
THUBALUP
THUBALUP
THABALUP
Whinny . . . Whinny . . .
Whinny . . . Whinny . . .

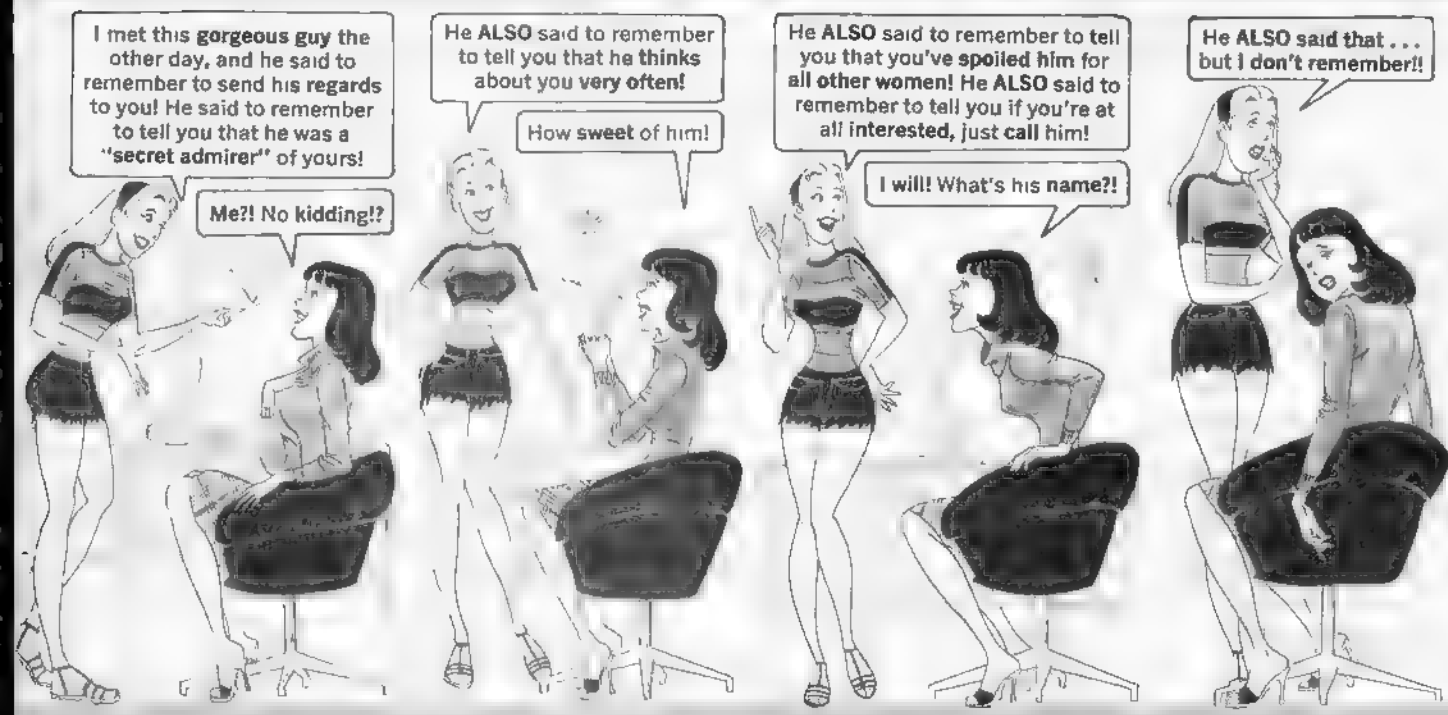
Hold it! Don't jump to any hasty conclusions because I wear this mask! I'm not an outlaw!
I'll see you . . . and I'll raise you two gold nuggets . . .
I'll be right back!
Hey, Masked Man! Your HORSE is a NAG!!
Hi-Yo, Silver!
Say, who WAS that Masked Man? I wanted to thank him!
I dunno, Paw. . . but he gave me somethin' t' give to you!
Awa-a-y!
BILL
Send Check or Money Order To:
THE LONE RANGER
Box 1607 Deadwood
For Services Rendered $32.50
Oats for Silver + Scout 11.25
3 Silver Bullets 94 oc
Total.. 33.75
Tonto, my Faithful Friend . . .
It seems like ages since I left you to watch the horses! How long has it been, Kemo Sabay?
DOMP
DOMP
DOMP

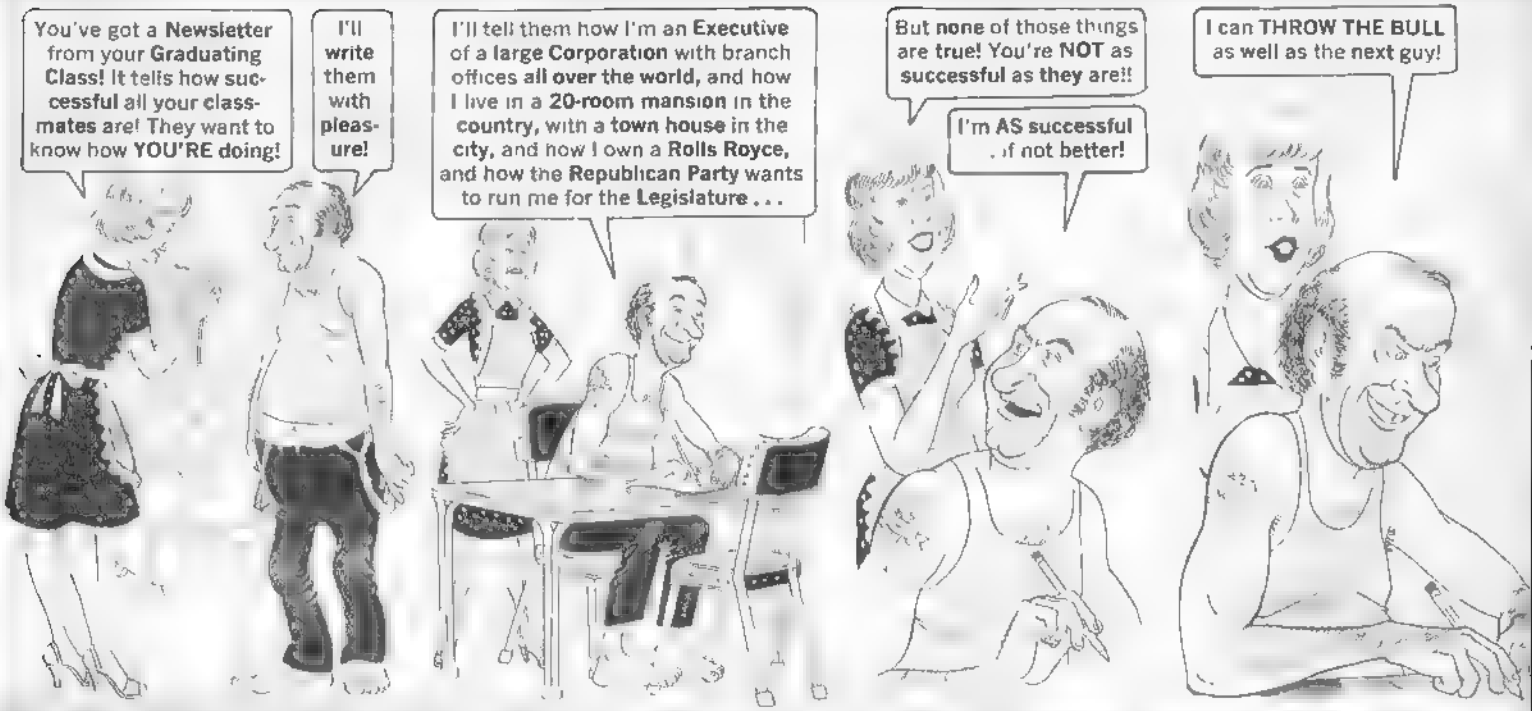

But Tonto is . . .!!
KLIK
KLIK
Hi-Yo, Silver! Awa-a-a-a-a-y!
Say, we never got a chance to thank him!
BLAMP BLAMP
PIK PIK PIK
I'll see you . . . and I'll raise you two silver bullets . . .
What's this, Tonto . . .?! My MASK has SHRUNK!!
NOW, what will I do?!?
If you laugh, I'll blow your head off . . .!!
KLIK
Come, big fellow . . .
HI-YO, SILVER.... AWAAAAAAAAY!!
© MARTIN..

Yes, Operator! I'll accept a collect call! Hello? Hello?
Hi, Mom! It's me . . . your Sonny Boy!
What's the matter? Are you SICK? Are you in JAIL? What HAPPENED?
Everything is fine, Mom! You say I never call, so I'm calling!
But I'm in a different TIME zone! You WOKE ME UP! It's two o'clock in the MORNING here! And you call COLLECT?! That's NOT very considerate!
What do you MEAN . . .?! I'm VERY CONSIDERATE!
I waited till AFTER ELEVEN, when the rates are CHEAPER!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... KEEPIN


I met this gorgeous guy the other day, and he said to remember to send his regards to you! He said to remember to tell you that he was a "secret admirer" of yours!
Me?! No kidding!?
He ALSO said to remember to tell you that he thinks about you very often!
How sweet of him!
He ALSO said to remember to tell you that you've spoiled him for all other women! He ALSO said to remember to tell you if you're at all interested, just call him!
I will! What's his name?!
He ALSO said that . . . but I don't remember!!


You've got a Newsletter from your Graduating Class! It tells how successful all your classmates are! They want to know how YOU'RE doing!
I'll write them with pleasure!
I'll tell them how I'm an Executive of a large Corporation with branch offices all over the world, and how I live in a 20-room mansion in the country, with a town house in the city, and how I own a Rolls Royce, and how the Republican Party wants to run me for the Legislature . . .
But none of those things are true! You're NOT as successful as they are!!
I'm AS successful . . . if not better!
I can THROW THE BULL as well as the next guy!

G IN TOUCH

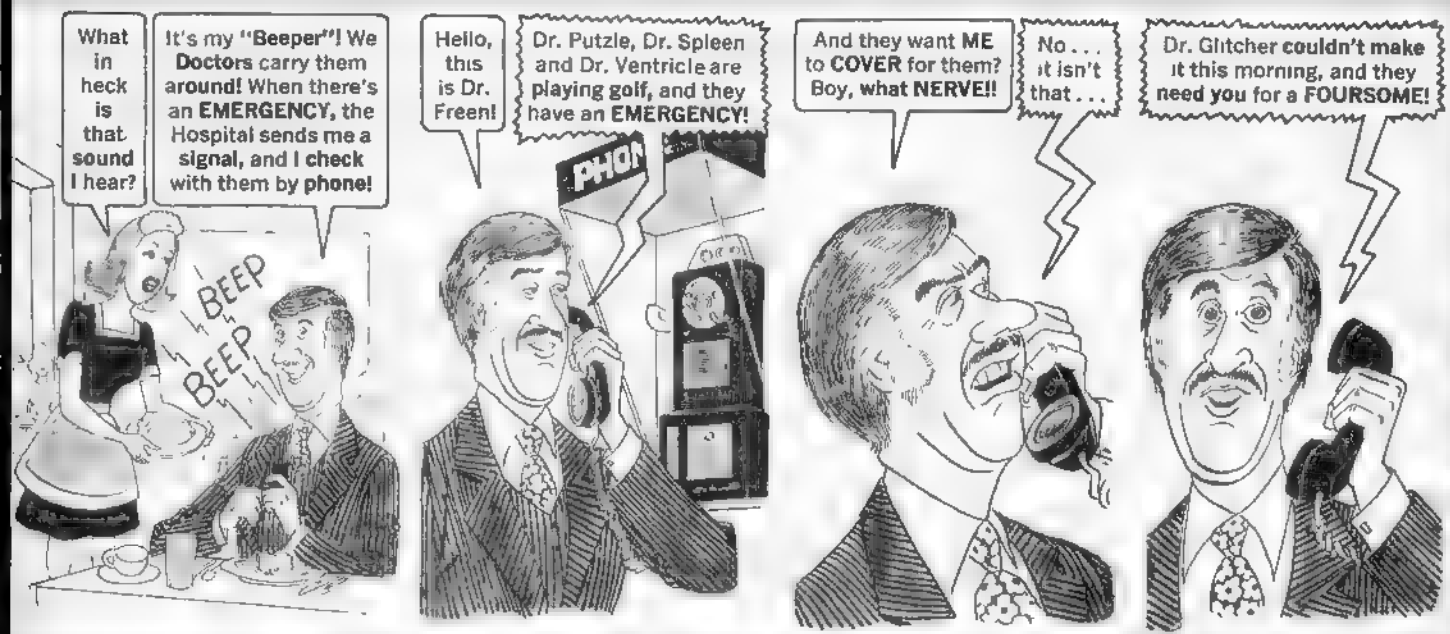
ARTIST & WRITER·
DAVE BERG

So—tell me about your trip . . .!
I DID!! I wrote you a Post Card every day from every place I went!
I didn't get any Post Cards!
Well, you know how the mail is! I always get back home before the Post Cards do!
So . . . why do you bother to WRITE them?!
Why does ANYBODY bother to write Post Cards . . .?!
To let you know I'm ALL RIGHT!!

But he promised to call us the minute he got there!!
That doesn't mean you have to panic and call every police station and hospital along his route! There are many reasons why he could be delayed this late!
Don't question a Mother's intuition! Something terrible has happened, and he can't call! I know it!
Calm down! There's the phone now . . .
RING
Hi, Mom! I got here hours ago, but something terrible happened, and I couldn't tell you!
I KNEW it! I KNEW it!! What HAPPENED? WHAT??
Your line has been continuously busy for two hours!
Oh-oh! I haven't called my Mother in some time!
So don't be a bum! Call her!
Okay, but I'm gonna be stuck listening to her complaints for the next half-hour or so!
Hello! This is Molly Finster! I'm not at home right now! At the tone, leave your name and number and I'll get back to you!
Thank God!! It's her ANSWERING MACHINE! Now I won't have to listen to her complaints!
And if this should happen to be one of my children calling, let me tell you—my arthritis is acting up something awful —and my back is killing me —and my migraine headaches shouldn't happen to a dog— but a lot you care that I'm not long for this world . . .
Here's your mail, Mr. Geek! There sure is a lot of it!!
There usually is . . .!
And all from important people and places! Senators . . . the Governor . . . Universities . . . Scientific Institutions . . . Hospitals . . . etc . . . etc . . .
Wow! I'm very impressed!
You should be! When you're a successful businessman like me, and you mingle with the mighty, they keep in touch!
Gee, that's really something! What do they want?
Donations!

Wow! Your desk looks like the control panel of a Space Ship!!
My Boss insists on having the latest electronic office intercom equipment!
I'll bet when he wants you—you KNOW it!!
I'll say!! He comes through loud and clear!
GLORIA...COME IN HERE! I NEED YOU!
I'm really glad we were invited to my Cousins Club Meeting! I haven't seen my family in years!
When I was a kid, I was a real schnook! My family always used to put me down . . . and call me names . . . and say I was a loser! And I would say to myself . . . "Someday, I'll show them all!"
Well, it's time to show them all! The best revenge is success . . . and I've become rich and famous! Why, they'll all probably want my autograph!
Look who's here!
Hey, STINKY! You haven't changed a bit!
Whatever became of you?!
I was annoyed at the Utility Company, so I called them up to make a mild complaint . . .
So, what happens?! They put me on "HOLD"! Now, I'm REALLY FURIOUS!!
What's the matter? Can't you have a little patience?!?
Patience—I've got PLENTY of!
PIPED-IN MUSIC—I CAN'T STAND!!

Holy Cow! It just occurred to me!! We forgot to send a Christmas Card to the Brownlies! They'll be offended!!
I'd better send one right away! Do we have any left?
Nope!
I could run down to the store! Do you suppose THEY have any left!
I doubt it!
Not in April!!


What in heck is that sound I hear?
It's my "Beeper"! We Doctors carry them around! When there's an EMERGENCY, the Hospital sends me a signal, and I check with them by phone!
BEEP
BEEP
Hello, this is Dr. Freen!
Dr. Putzle, Dr. Spleen and Dr. Ventricle are playing golf, and they have an EMERGENCY!
PHONE
And they want ME to COVER for them? Boy, what NERVE!!
No . . . it isn't that . . .
Dr. Glitcher couldn't make it this morning, and they need you for a FOURSOME!

Wow! Look at this beautiful box of personalized stationery Aunt Harriet sent me for my birthday! It has my name embossed, and everything! It must have cost a fortune!
I can't wait to use it! But with stationery like this, it has to be for something important! Now, who can I write to?
David Berg
You COULD write to your Aunt Harriet . . . and thank her for her lovely gift!
WHAT! And WASTE IT on a lousy "Thank You" note?!?

FISH WIFE DEPT.

THE BIG ONE THAT GOT AWAY

OILY ADDITION DEPT.

Every day there seems to be another newspaper story dealing with the energy crisis. And every day we get more confused trying to figure out what's happening and how we're supposed to deal with it. Well, there's

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIV

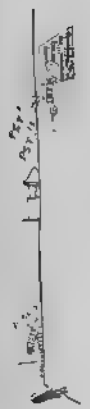
ENERGY CRISIS NEWSPAPER STORY

P) — The at an an- 'he final showing idicated,

ational ation's r inflа- ated at will be

mt's re- nal prod- asured as 8.7 same wth of ort.

.N.P. in was at- tment, djust- higher, accord-



face a severe shortage of (2), the White House announced today. The crisis, which could (3) (4), is a result of (5), brought on by (6) (7).

Citizens are being asked to (8) and to (9) (10). The President said he will soon (11) and is contemplating (12).

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

WAS. United nual re quarte than e the Gov The prod good tion - 1.4 pe made m The vised re uct sho by the perce as initi 2.3 per uncha

Bush

Th the f tribu which ment fo than or ing to

7.

in the Middle East
in Iran
in Congress
in the War of 1812
on Three Mile Island
in Studio 54
on the street where you live
in "Airport '79"
in Jerry Brown's camper
on the yellow brick road
at the Indy 500
on public television

8.

use mass transit
phone Prince Faud
die early
build their own reactors
read the 23rd Psalm
travel by ricksha
sleep with their clothes on
reincarnate as sparrows
avoid sex
free their slaves
tie up their children
buy Ethiopian

9.

drive
fill up
bathe
run naked
breathe
evacuate
get stoned
walk their clones
phone Grandma
crawl on all fours
wander lonely as a cloud
conceive

no need to wade through long articles any more, because MAD is now, once and for all, wrapping up the entire energy mess. Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll have . . .

/E DO-IT-YOURSELF

1.

Motorists
Home-owners
Balloonists
Geminis
Mouth-breathers
Whigs
Gay doormen
Sinus sufferers
All states but Georgia
Unwed furriers
Dwarfs
Ted and Linda Feingold

2.

gasoline
heating oil
cocaine
warm Dr. Pepper
leadership
energized gravel
see-through dickeys
non-stick bubblegum
calcium
effective deodorants
soy sauce
good news

3.

close down
bankrupt
put the screws to
take the fun out of
clean up
blow the lid off
end diplomatic relations with
unionize
give the Mafia control of
bring back vaudeville to
stop those whispers about
inspire a TV series about

4.

service stations
the West Coast
the Alaskan Pipeline
scenic lookouts
Krypton
Warren Beatty's fun room
Middle Earth
six stamp clubs in Wichita
Boys Town
Al's Pizzeria
Monday Night Football
The King Tut Exhibition

5.

reduced imports
Arab greed
gas-guzzling Mopeds
the Susan B. Anthony dollar
powerful trolls
careful planning
"Tip" O'Neill's biorhythms
the Scarsdale Diet
Miss Piggy's nose-job
the Great Depression
rolling double sixes
man's inhumanity to man

6.

anti-American feeling
lack of refineries
sloppy drilling
longer coffee breaks
smelly truckers
a Darth Vader look-alike
an obscene phone-call
a savage game of "Go Fish"
the sky falling
the ghost of Howard Hughes
enraged shepherds
Werner Erhard showing up

10.

only when necessary
in groups of five
during reruns of "Benson"
at 55 miles an hour
when Mars squares Saturn
with a trained squirrel
only on Arbor Day
with Howard Baker
during "60 Minutes"
during months having an "R"
at reduced temperatures
when it's Miller Time

11.

address the nation
set up guidelines
tear up his Exxon card
close Utah
resort to groveling
burn whale blubber
back Teddy Kennedy
convert to buffalo chips
become a Moslem
be nicer to Mondale's niece
admit he is a droid
have his teeth bronzed

12.

gas rationing
resigning
his navel
the return of the horse
suicide
unleashing Billy
traveling by Greyhound
renting out Camp David
pardoning Schlesinger
out-of-body travel
a roller-disco in the Oval Office
living under an assumed name

CAPITOL GAMES DEPT.

By now, you've all seen this season's new TV shows, and you're all convinced the TV Industry has hit bottom, right? Wrong!! Because guess what's coming to the tube! The U.S. Congress! Soon, the Networks are going to start televising our Law Makers in action. Anyone who's ever visited Washington and sat through a dreary session of Congress knows that this new program is in serious trouble! How can our Legislators compete with blockbusters like "Laverne & Shirley" or "Three's Company"?! We think we've got an idea that may help! Mainly . . .

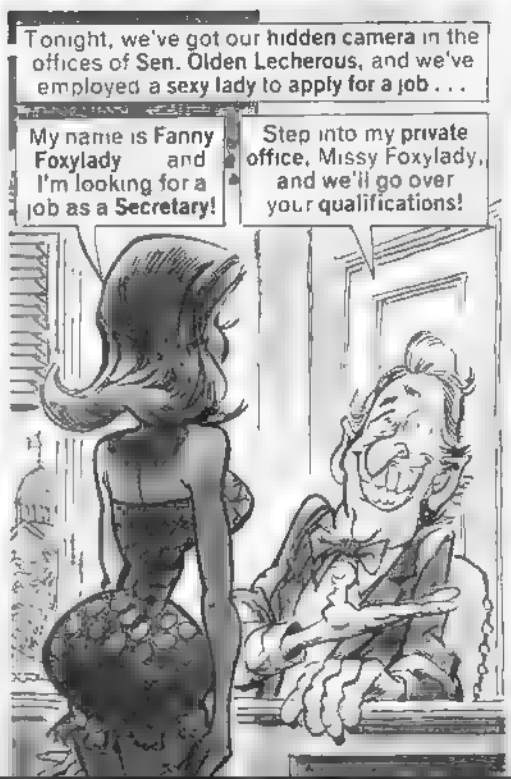
MAD'S PLAN TO MAKE THE CO TV SHOW MORE

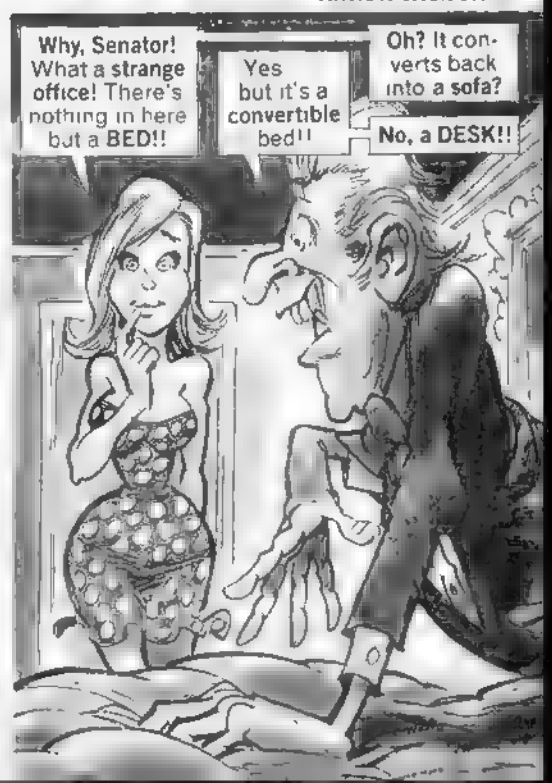
If you don't switch to another channel quickly, you're gonna be stuck watching "SATURDAY NIGHT ALIVE . . . ALMOST!". . . featuring "The Past Their Prime Congressional Players"!

Hi! We're four wild and crazy Congressman . . . trying to make out in Washington . . .
I'm Senator Proxie . . . and you're not!
I coulda been a Bookie, but NO . the voters didn't want that! I coulda been a Pusher, but NO . . the voters d dn't want that! I .

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

Good evening, and welcome to "CANDID CONGRESS". the show that really takes you behind the scenes in Washington and shows you some of your elected Representatives in their unguarded moments . . .!

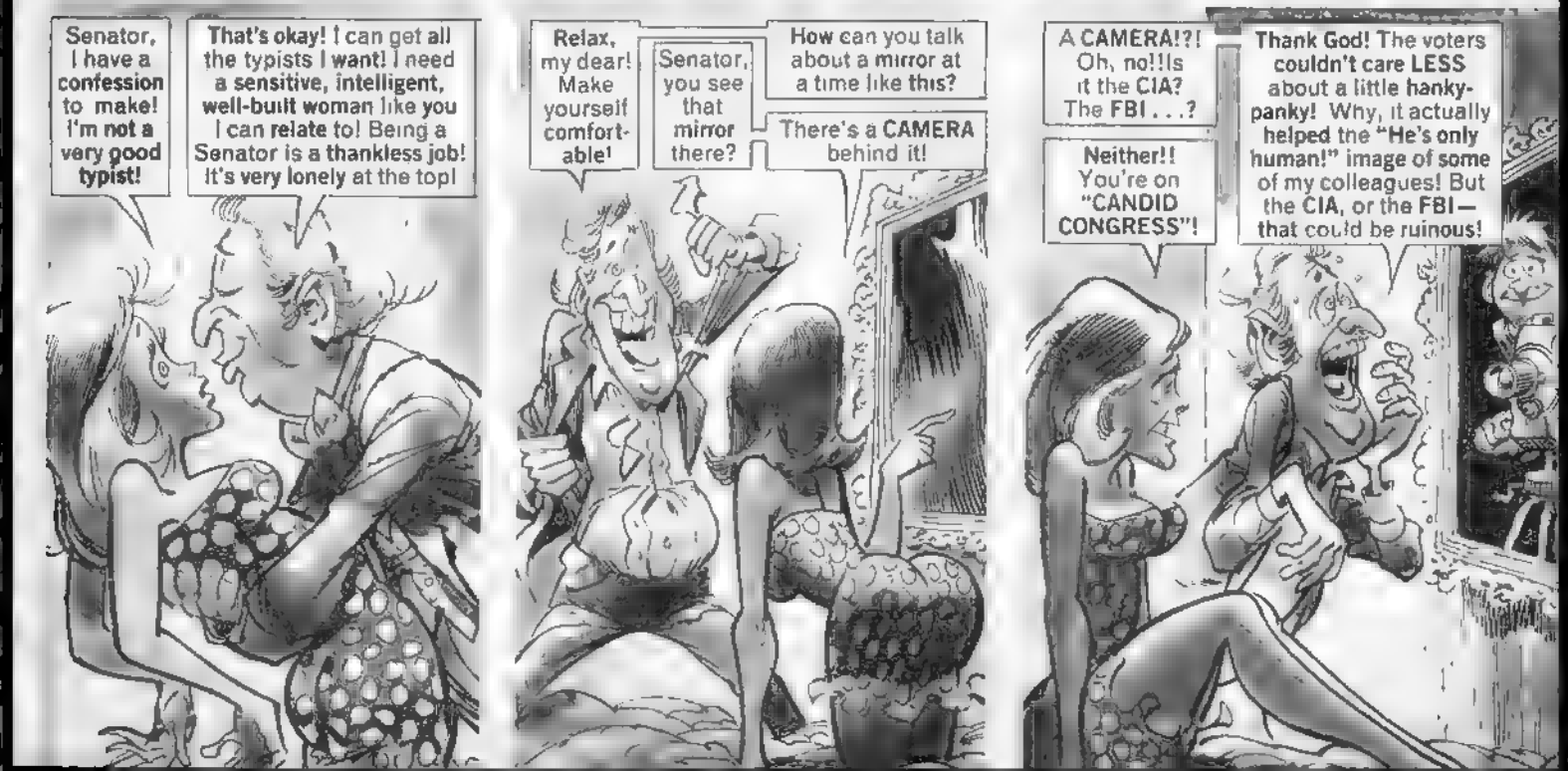

Tonight, we've got our hidden camera in the offices of Sen. Olden Lecherous, and we've employed a sexy lady to apply for a job . . .
My name is Fanny Foxylady and I'm looking for a job as a Secretary!
Step into my private office, Missy Foxylady, and we'll go over your qualifications!


Why, Senator! What a strange office! There's nothing in here but a BED!!
Yes but it's a convertible bed!!
Oh? It converts back into a sofa?
No, a DESK!!

I just got back from New York! What a wild and crazy town! A bum comes up to me an' asks for six million dollars!
C'mon, get outta here! That was no BUM!! that was MAYOR KOCH!
Okay, let's get down to business! Or, as they say in Politics—But seriously, folks! Shall we bail New York out again?
I move we SELL it back to the Indians!
And give 'em ANOTHER lousy deal?! New York isn't worth the 24 bucks we gave 'em for it the FIRST TIME!
Okay . . . we'll take a vote! Let's see a show of hands . . .
I can make a rabbit . . .!
I can make a bat . . .!
I can make Richard Nixon!

NGRESSIONAL ENTERTAINING

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE


Senator, I have a confession to make! I'm not a very good typist!
That's okay! I can get all the typists I want! I need a sensitive, intelligent, well-built woman like you I can relate to! Being a Senator is a thankless job! It's very lonely at the top!
Relax, my dear! Make yourself comfortable!
Senator, you see that mirror there?
How can you talk about a mirror at a time like this?
There's a CAMERA behind it!
A CAMERA!?! Oh, no!!Is it the CIA? The FBI . . .?
Neither!! You're on "CANDID CONGRESS"!
Thank God! The voters couldn't care LESS about a little hanky-panky! Why, it actually helped the "He's only human!" image of some of my colleagues! But the CIA, or the FBI—that could be ruinous!

On your mark . . . get set . . for TV's fun-filled "ALL-STAR CONGRESSIONAL EVERY-THING GOES"! Today, we've got a team from the United States Senate ready to face off with a team from the House of Representatives!

As you know, both Houses of Congress each passed legislation recently, giving themselves fat salary increases! Which ever side wins today's competition will have its version of the bill enacted into law! So stay tuned for the riotous fun, folks!

We're Number One!

We'll murder the bums!

The first event is the "Blindfolded Paper-Shredder Race"! Each of our competitors is blindfolded! He then has to hide incriminating documents somewhere on his person, crawl across a greased pole suspended over water, and put the documents into a paper-shredder! And just to add a little excitement, we're using material from the personal FBI file on each contestant! So there's your incentive, guys! Now, do a good job!

FBI

This is Howard Coolsell . . . welcoming you to "MONDAY NIGHT POLITICS"! Tonight's confrontation over the Energy Bill looks like another classic battle between these traditional rivals, the GOP Pachyderms and the Democratic Mules!

Back home, we call 'em "Elephants" and "Jackasses," H'ward!

I'll go along with that, Howard.

Today, I had lunch with the GOP Whip, the Senator from the Badger State, Wisconsin, which, as you all know, is in the tough Big Ten! I put it to him that rumor has it that the Republicans, the party of Lincoln, is going to spring a filibuster!

What's a filly buster, H ard? Somebody gonna ride a Bronco?

No, a filibuster is when a member of a deliberative body obstructs its action by use of dilatory tactics, such as speaking to consume time!

Hi, folks . . . and welcome to Washington's favorite pastime "SCREW THE TAXPAYERS"!!

And here's your host, Wink Porkbarrel!

Hey, gang! And what are WE gonna do?!?

SCREW THE TAXPAYER!!

The rules of our game are simple! Even a child, or a Congressman can understand them! I pick a Representative from each side of the aisle to compete for our Grand Prize! And today's Grand Prize is . . . A 26 MILLION DOLLAR DAM . . . whether the winner's State needs one . . . or not!

Me! ME! Pick ME!!

MY State doesn't have a dam! P ck ME!

His State doesn't have a RIVER!! Pick ME!!

Okay, I pick you, Mr. Big Bird! And you, Mr. Outhouse!

Ooops! Nice try, Congressman Frank! Stay with it!
Looks like Senator Boondoggle decided to deep-six his documents! Way to go, Senator!!
TRASH
And we have a WINNER! The team from the U.S. Senate!
It was a tough fight, and even though we Representatives lost, we still feel like winners because of the private agreement we made with the Senators before the contest!
That's right! We all felt it would be insane to risk losing a big fat pay hike because of a stupid game! So we promised the winners would add an amendment to their bill giving an equal pay increase to the losers!
Besides! There's plenty more where THAT came from!
U.S. SENATE
Sounds like just what you're doin' right now, H'ard!
I'll go along with that, Howard!
Here come the two teams! It's a fantastic sight— as the country's elected representatives enter to the cheers of their fans!
You're so right, Giff. It truly is an imposing spectacle!
Only one thing! I shore wish they'd hired those pretty li'l Dallas Cowgirls instead of using their WIVES as Cheerleaders!
I'll go along with that, Howard!
Sorry we can only choose two to play, but we have some consolation prizes for the rest of you! First, everybody gets a $57,000 salary, a $7000 personal expense account, and 33 all-expenses-paid round trips to your Home States! You also get $2250 for incidentals and a free suitcase, a $6650 stationery allowance, plus unlimited free mailings plus $5000, unlimited free phone calls and free Medicare and drugs!
More! MORE!
We want MORE!!
Okay! You also get $225,144 to hire a staff . . . plus free office space . . . $27,000 for furniture . . . cut-rate Life Insurance . . . free flowers from the Botanical Gardens . . . and $2.00 haircuts!
More! More! We want MORE!
We seem to be running out of time, so the Home States of BOTH of our lucky contestants get a 26 million dollar dam! Because we're playing Washington's favorite game where everyone wins expect—you know who!! Let's hear it! The name of the game is . . .
SCREW . . . THE . . . TAXPAYER!!!

GRINDING THE AXIOM DEPT.

MA

Have you ever wondered *why* it rains every time you wash your car? Are you puzzled *why* the warranty on your TV runs out the day before your picture tube blows? The answer is obvious! We are all at the mercy of mysterious, unstated laws that have the power to make the young feel old, the wise look foolish and the strong turn into mush! In other words, we're all subject to

THE "ON SALE" PRINCIPLE

Over 80% of all "Storewide Sales" take place the week after you've bought something at "Full Price."

THE CRAMMER'S MAXIM

If you study nine out of ten areas of American History, it's the tenth area that will appear on that final exam.

CRAMMER'S MAXIM COROLLARY

No matter how long the exam, you will come up with the answers you omitted five minutes after the exam is over.

THE SERVICE CALL AXIOM

A malfunctioning TV set or appliance needing a service call will work perfectly when the service man arrives.

THE CORPORATE TRUISM

The job security of a new corporate executive increases at the same rate as his urge to make waves decreases.

CORPORATE TRUISM COROLLARY

The delegation of job responsibility increases at the same rate as the realization that you're screwing up.

D LAWS

SECOND EDITION

ARTIST: PAUL COKER
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE GASTRONOMIC LAW

The enjoyment of any food is always in inverse proportion to its "nutritional value."

THE GIVE-AND-TAKE PRINCIPLE

If a bill and a check are mailed to you from the same city on the same day, the bill will arrive 4 days before the check.

THE SPORT'S-FAN'S THEOREM

A phone call you have to take always coincides in time and length with the greatest moment of the televised game.

THE SHOPPER'S LAW

The more you desire a shirt in a store window, the less likely it is they'll have it in your size.

THE VACATION PRINCIPLE

The more anticipated the trip, the greater the chance you'll get sick the day before you're due to leave.

THE RESTROOM MAXIM

The more urgent your call to nature, the greater the chance that every stall will either be occupied . . . or out-of-order.

DOWN, PRINTS! DEPT.

A MAD COLLECTION OF SOME VERY RARE FAMOU ALBUM

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

JOHN WAYNE TAKES HIS VERY FIRST PONY RIDE

BARBRA STREISAND BOBS FOR APPLES AT A HALLOWEEN PARTY

YOUNG JACQUES COUSTEAU'S FIRST TIME AT THE SEA SHORE

IDI AMIN DADA AND HIS KINDERGARTEN PLAYMATES

S FAMILY REJECTS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

ARNOLD SCHWARTZENEGGER SHOWS OFF FIRST RESULTS OF PUMPING IRON

WOODY ALLEN WITH HIS PROM DATE

KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR TAKES HIS FIRST BABY STEPS

EARLIEST FARRAH-FAWCETT MAJORS EXPLOITATION SHOT

TELLY SAVALAS AFTER GETTING HIS FIRST HAIRCUT

JULIA CHILD SERVES MUD PIES TO HER COUSIN

ALBERT EINSTEIN ON HIS USUAL SEAT IN FIRST GRADE

BERT LANCE WITH THE BEGINNINGS OF HIS BANK COLLECTION

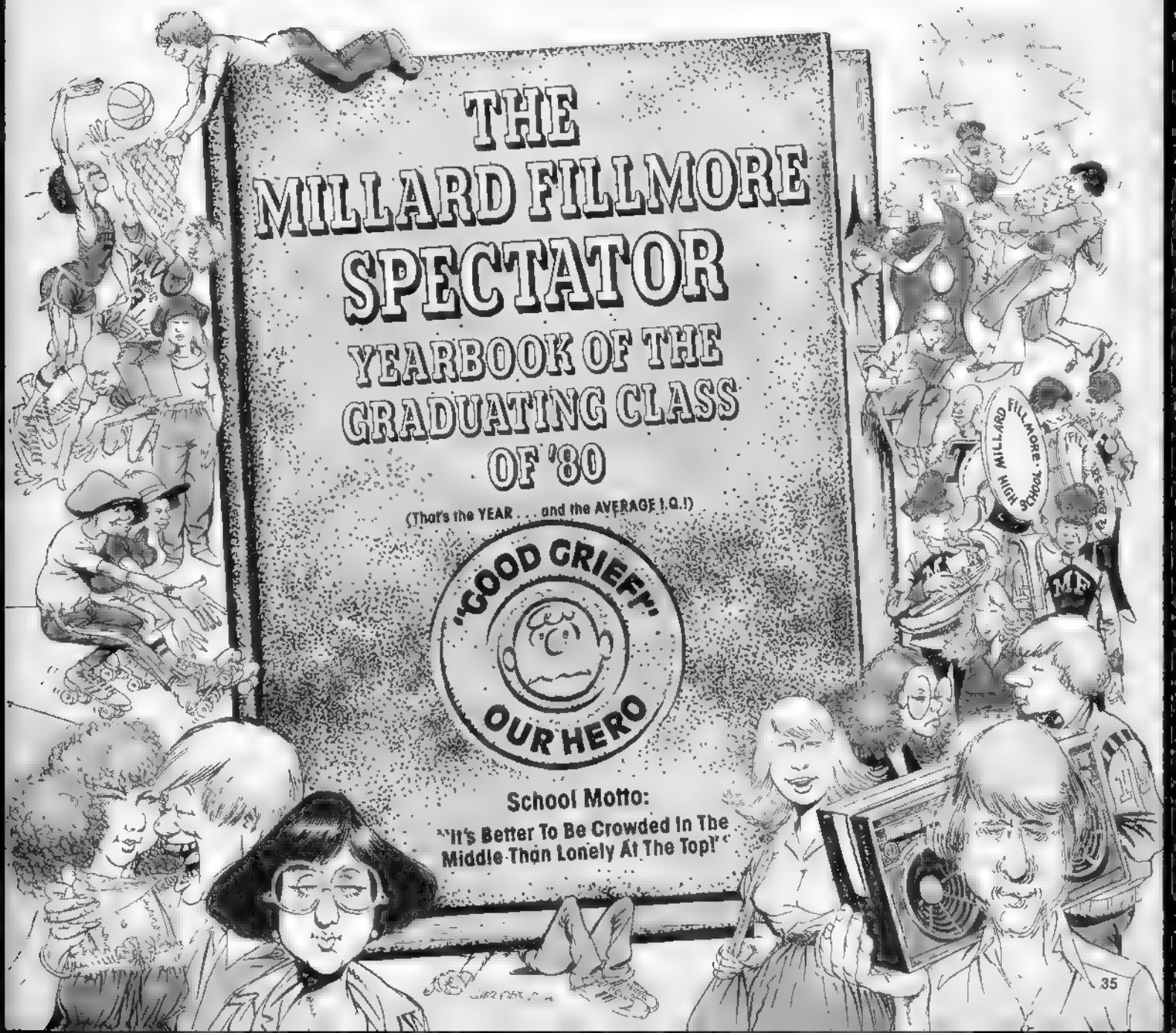
CHRISTMAS MORNING WITH RALPH NADER AND HIS PARENTS

HENRY KISSINGER MAKING HIS BAR MITZVAH SPEECH

Most High School yearbooks feature a handful of sharp kids: The Best Looking, The Most Popular, The Best Dressed, and like that. But these smartass kids make up only a small percentage of the average graduating class. We feel that the rest of the students (like the clods on the MAD staff when they were in school) deserve some recognition, too. Mainly . . . we'd like to see a yearbook that truly reflects the nature of today's graduating classes. Here, then, is

A HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK FOR AVERAGE CLODS

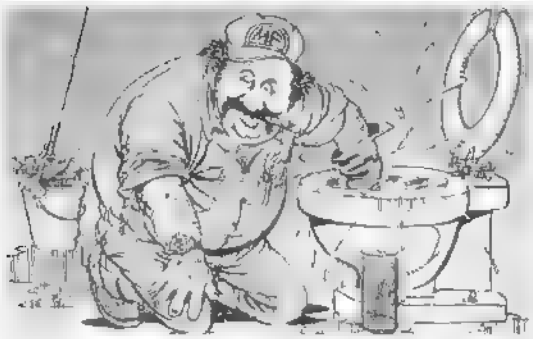
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE


THE MILLARD FILLMORE SPECTATOR
YEARBOOK OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF '80
(That's the YEAR . . . and the AVERAGE I.Q.!)
"GOOD GRIEF!"
OUR HERO
School Motto:
"It's Better To Be Crowded In The Middle Than Lonely At The Top!"
MISS AVERYE
GE SUICHE IT
HIGH MILLARD FILLMORE SCHOOL
MF

Millard Fillmore was the 13th President of the United States, but he will always be Number 1 in our book. Because he serves as an inspiration for the mediocrity that any one of us can achieve if we really put our questionable minds to it. He was the first President not to be renominated by his Party. His most remembered achievement was the installation of the first bathtub in the White House (although it was rumored at the time that he'd thought it was an ostentatious urinal). In 1865, he ran for the Presidency as the candidate of the "Know-Nothing Party" and was soundly defeated.

We are proud to have our school named after such an unmemorable American.

DEDICATION



We, the Class of '79, dedicate this book to Gus "Grumpy" Zucchini, the School Custodian. Gus is the only person from any department of the school that does anything that the Class of '79 can relate to!

We love yuh, Gus!

A Message From Our Principal

To The Class Of '79

As you, the graduating seniors, leave these shallowed halls and go forth into the world (or even fifth or sixth), I have every confidence that you will carry on the greatest of Fillmore Traditions: To disappear and never be heard of again.

Calvin Clone
Principal

A MESSAGE FROM THE CLASS MEDIOCRITORIAN

I was asked to say what it means to me to be graduating from Millard Fillmore High:

It means I don't have to go to school no more. I'm glad.

Bernard Schlepp

(Well-put, Bernard. Nobody could have said it better!)

MEET THE CLASS OF '79

(Many For The First Time)

ALLEN PORKNOY
Nickname:
"Allen"

Major Achievement:
Never raised his hand during all 12 years of High School.

Future Plans:
To finally undergo a much-needed kidney operation.

SYBIL HOFFELMEYER
Nickname:
"Pushy"

Major Achievement:
Pushy was involved in the movement to get students appointed to the Library Selection Committee. She signed the petition.

FREDERICK FRIBBLE
Nickname:
None

School Activities:
None

Notable Achievements:
None

Ambition:
None

JENNIFER PUERILE
Nickname:
"What's 'er name?"

Major Achievement:
Grew two inches in her senior year.

Ambition:
Plans to take a correspondence course to become a Dental Technician or a Heart Specialist

WENDELL WEEDY
Nickname:
"Weedy Wendell"

Ambition:
"I plan to go into politics! Like, I might register to vote when I'm 18!"

FARRAH LIPSCHITZ
Nickname:
"Dog"

Ambition:
To get a nose job, braces for her teeth, silicone for her chest, contact lenses for her eyes, and just go on being her same old self.

MARY ANN HOHUM
Nickname:
"You there!"

Major Achievement:
Mary will be remembered by her classmates for . . . uh . . . whatever.
Hobby:
Watching TV.
Awards:
Voted the girl most likely not to.

LINDA MAY GRITS
Nickname:
"True Grits"

Fondest Memory:
In her Senior year, Linda received her very first Valentine Card. It was addressed, "Occupant".

CLUBS AND ACTIVITIES

THE NON-JOINERS CLUB

One of the most exclusive groups on campus, not one of the members of the Non-Joiners Club belonged to any other club or organization in their four years at good old Fillmore.

THE FILLMORE APOLITICAL CLUB

None of the great guys and gals in this club ever ran for Student Council or for any position in Student Government, nor has any of them ever voted in a School Election. Club has no Officers . . . because nobody would run for anything!

THE NO-SHOW PEP AND DRAMA GROUP

The fun-loving kids of this organization have the Fillmore spirit. They have never attended or participated in a Pep Rally, a School Dance or a School Play. Which is why they never even bothered to show up for this group photograph.

THE GYM SHOWER TEAM

The members of this team have established a school record that's going to be tough to beat in years to come. They all took showers every day after Gym in their Senior year! In fact, many of them took showers instead of taking Gym!

THE NON-LETTER TEAM

None of the jocks on this team ever went out for a Varsity or Intramural Sport, nor did any of them ever go to a game.

THE GIRLS' NON-LETTER TEAM

The members of this team proved to be just as uninterested in School Sports as the boys. So score one for Women's Lib!

HALL OF MEDIOCRITY

FILLMORE'S CLASS OF '79

LEAST-KNOWN STUDENT
Brett Shmecklehoff

(Actually, this is a picture of runner-up, Lowell Acne, as we couldn't find a photo of Brett, and nobody was really sure what he looked like!)

MOST AVERAGE STUDENT
John "Dink" Smith

Dink got straight C's for four straight years. Way to go, Dink!

POLITEST STUDENT
Raleigh Walters

Raleigh said "G'bye!" as he left home for school every morning for four years, and he didn't utter another word all day until he returned home in the afternoon and said "Hi!". Raleigh majored in Speech!

LEAST-KNOWN JOCK
Harold Hersheybar

As Captain . . . and sole member of the Fillmore Solitaire Team, Harry is proud that the team had an undefeated season. That's because no other school fielded a Solitaire Team this season.

LEAST-PUBLICIZED STUDENT
Molly Finsternisher

Not only was her name never printed in the School Newspaper, or chalked on the blackboard of any of her classes, Molly's name was never even written—along with an obscene remark—on any of the Boy's Bathroom walls!

MOST LIKELY TO BE A SUPERMARKET BAGGER, OR MAYBE A PRICE-STAMPER AND SHELF-STACKER
Todd Gluberman

MOST LIKELY TO BE A FILE CLERK
Glenda Glitch

MOST LIKELY TO BE A HOUSEWIFE
(IF SHE CAN FIND SOMEBODY TO MARRY HER!)
Tricia Gromlick

MOST LIKELY TO BE A HOUSE HUSBAND
(IF HE CAN FIND ANYBODY TO MARRY HIM!)
Sidney Shrydlu

CAUGHT IN THE ACTION

Candid Shots Of Our Fun-Filled Days At Fillmore High

PRE-SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Remember the fun we had waiting for the school bus to take us to dear old Fillmore High School?

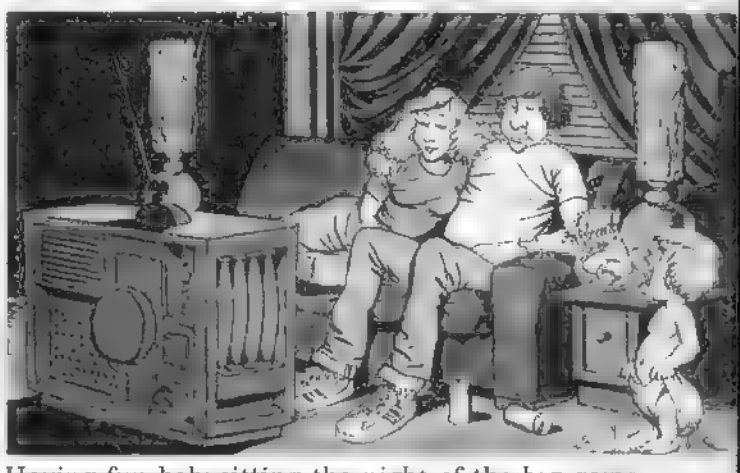
AFTER-SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Remember the laughs we had waiting for the school bus to take us home from dear old Fillmore High?

FROM NIGHT

Breaking up, watching a re-run of "Laverne and Shirley" at home on the night of the big prom.

THE BIG GAME



Having fun babysitting the night of the big game.

WHO EVER SAID HIGH SCHOOL HAS TO BE DULL . . . ?!?

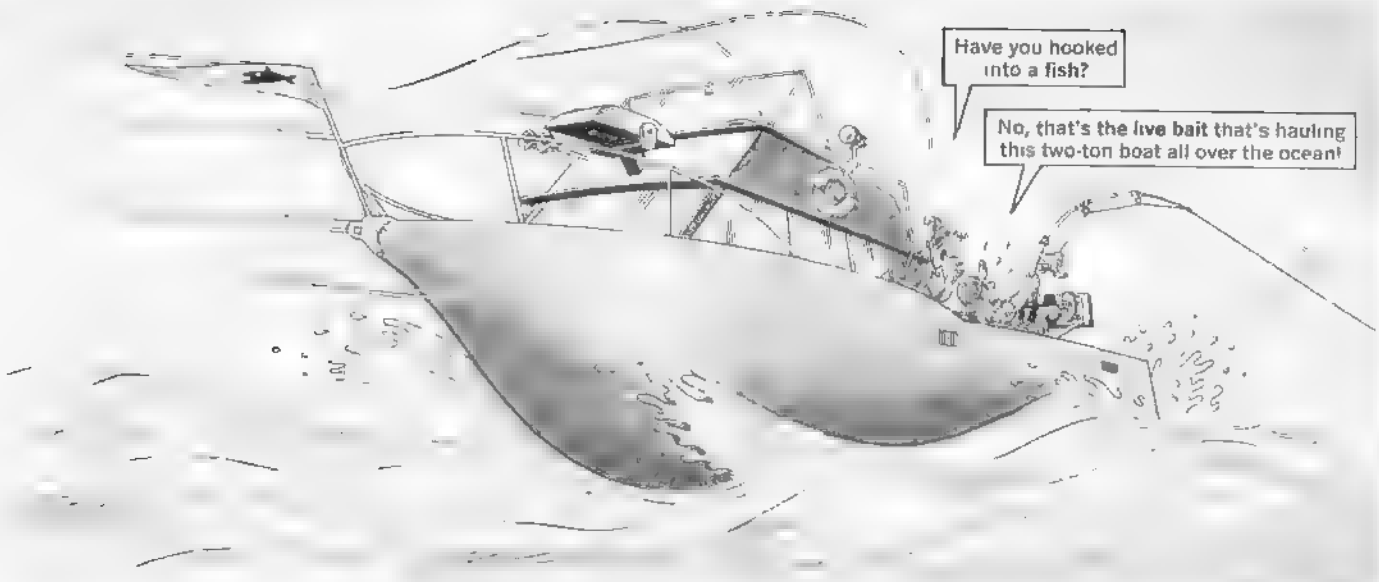
Having fun . . walking in the hall between classes.

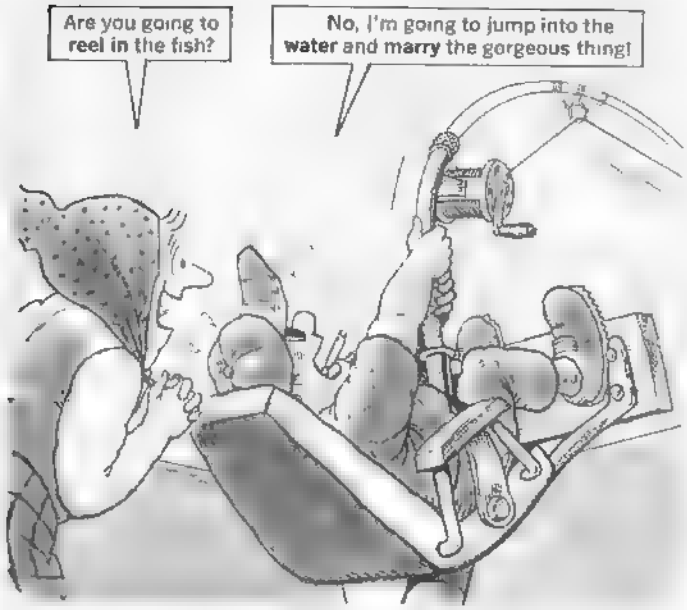
Another fun time . . . putting books in the locker.

Remember those delicious peanut butter sandwiches?

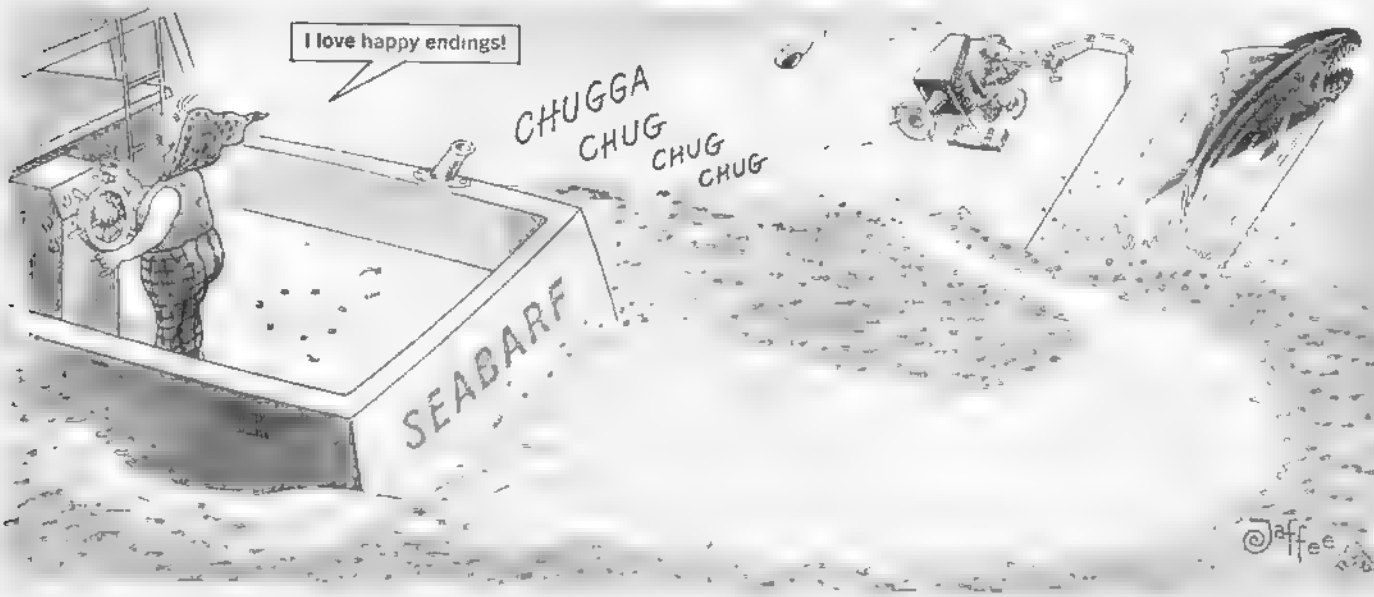
AN AL JAFFEE SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS

Fishing Incident


Have you hooked into a fish?
No, that's the live bait that's hauling this two-ton boat all over the ocean!


Are you going to reel in the fish?
No, I'm going to jump into the water and marry the gorgeous thing!

RIP


I love happy endings!
CHUGGA
CHUG
CHUG
CHUG
SEABARF
Jaffee

VALET OF THE DULLS DEPT.

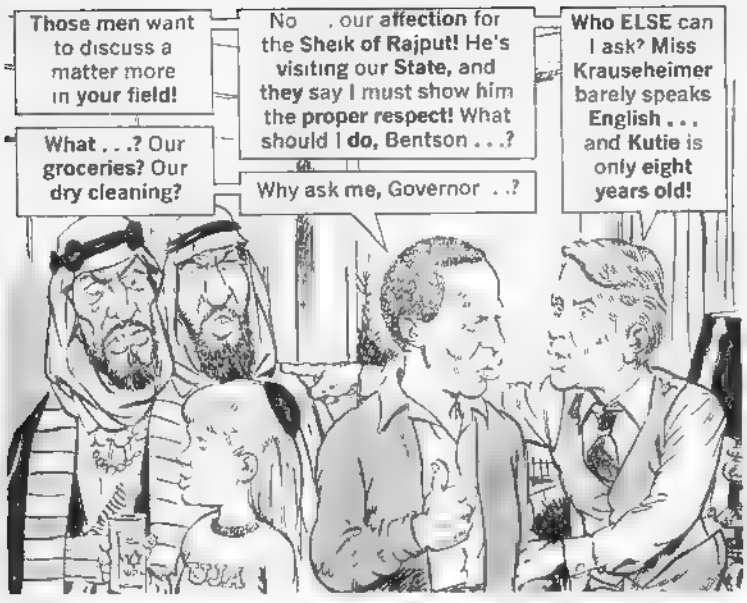
In the early days of television, there were two popular situation comedies. One featured a wise-cracking child named "Dennis The Menace," who always outwitted his bumbling parents, and the other featured a wise-cracking maid named "Hazel," who always outwitted her bumbling employer. Well, TV has come a long way since audiences were amused by those crude attempts at humor. This year, one of the top new comedies features a wise-cracking child and a wise-cracking butler who are always outwitting the bumbling Governor of an entire State. So step into the "Sophisticated Eighties" and join us for a MAD version of a typical episode of

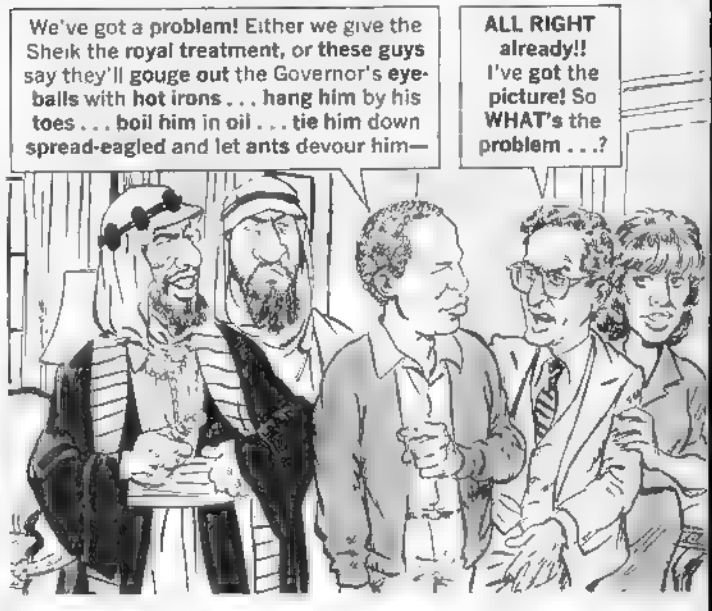
Bentson

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: TOM KOCH

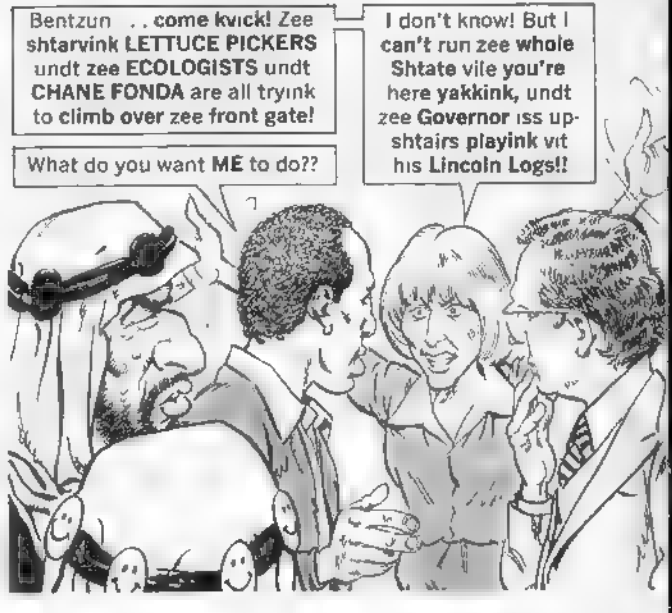
I don't like living here in the State Capitol! I wish my daddy wasn't the Governor!
Hush, Child! EVeryvun in zee Shtate vishes he vasn't Governor! But ve're shtuck vit him!
Your job application says you're experienced in wry observations, insulting put-downs and understated whimsy!
Yeah, and I ALSO do amusing sneers and double takes!
Then I'm sure that you'll be perfect for our household staff!
Hold it, now! Us Black folks don't play SERVANTS on TV any more! It's a demeaning stereotype!
What if you had MY job? I play a typical GIRL FRIDAY!
Does that mean you have to make coffee . . . and remind the Governor about his appointments . . . and do his Christmas shopping for him?
Worse! I have to tie his shoes, wipe his nose, and take him to go potty!
That's because THIS idiot plays the Governor! And YOU talk about demeaning stereotypes!
SELMA
SOAP
BIRDLAND
STATE PAPERS
CONFIDENTIAL
TERRY BROWN'S
COLORING
torres

How could anything like HIM be elected Governor?!?
Easy! We told the voters he had PRESIDENTIAL QUALITIES! That meant he grins like Jimmy Carter, stumbles like Jerry Ford and sweats a lot like Richard Nixon!
LIONEL
Hi! I'm Kutie . . . the Governor's precocious 8-year-old child! I've got a bigger vocabulary than Howard Cosell and a higher I.Q. than Albert Einstein!
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY
But—but it's virtually impossible for a moron like him to have a daughter who's a GENIUS!!
Interesting you should think of that! Our Producers and Writers never did!
These are your household duties for tomorrow, Bentson! In the morning, you write the Governor's speech to the Legislature! In the afternoon, you help him settle the Firemen's strike! And in the evening, you take him to "Parents' Night" at Kutie's school . . .!
But when do I dust his office and iron his clothes?
I really don't care! How you arrange your TIME OFF is YOUR business!
Just be sure you remember "Parents' Night"! It's—it's vitally important!
Oh . . .? How come?
Because fitting the Governor's schedule in with Kutie's childish activities is the only exciting thing that ever happens on this show! Without that, we'd be as dull as "Eight Is Enough"... only with a lot fewer smart aleck kids!
The doorbell! I'll get it!
Isn't the Butler supposed to answer the door?
Yes, but we always let the Governor do it! It makes him feel useful!
DING DONG
Iss ziss zee flunky you hired vitout gettink my hokay first?!?
Bentson . . . meet Miss Krauseheimer! She's been our Staff Cook for many many years!
How many years??
Since 1945! I remember because she showed up wearing a blonde wig and a little black mustache the very day Hitler disappeared!
RRRINNGG
Hello? No, Warden! The Governor CAN'T take any calls tomorrow night from men begging for last minute reprieves! He's going to a special program at Kutie's school! I'm sure all the guys on Death Row will understand!

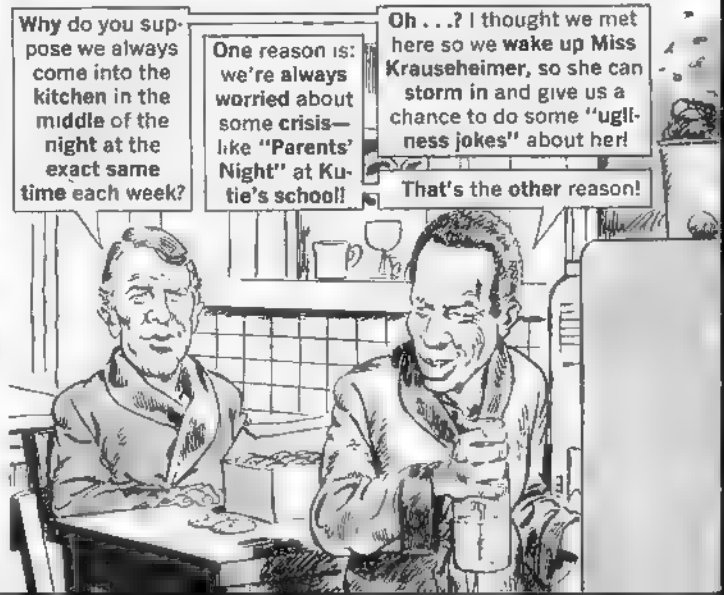

Those men want to discuss a matter more in your field!
No . . . our affection for the Sheik of Rajput! He's visiting our State, and they say I must show him the proper respect! What should I do, Bentson . . .?
Who ELSE can I ask? Miss Krauseheimer barely speaks English . . . and Kutie is only eight years old!
What . . .? Our groceries? Our dry cleaning?
Why ask me, Governor . . .?


We've got a problem! Either we give the Sheik the royal treatment, or these guys say they'll gouge out the Governor's eyeballs with hot irons . . . hang him by his toes . . . boil him in oil . . . tie him down spread-eagled and let ants devour him—
ALL RIGHT already!! I've got the picture! So WHAT's the problem . . .?

They want us to hold a RECEPTION for the Sheik . . . tomorrow night!!
Oh, no!! That's "Parents' Night" at Kutie's school!!
If we don't, they'll stop our oil supply and maybe drop an atomic bomb on us!!
That's just tough toenails! Kutie's depending on us!!
If the Sheik really gets mad, he'll have his goons muss up your hair and rumple your suit, Trailer!
Tell the Sheik that I just reconsidered!


Bentzun . . come kvick! Zee shtarvink LETTUCE PICKERS undt zee ECOLOGISTS undt CHANE FONDA are all tryink to climb over zee front gate!
What do you want ME to do??
I don't know! But I can't run zee whole Shtate vile you're here yakkink, undt zee Governor iss upshtairs playink vit his Lincoln Logs!!

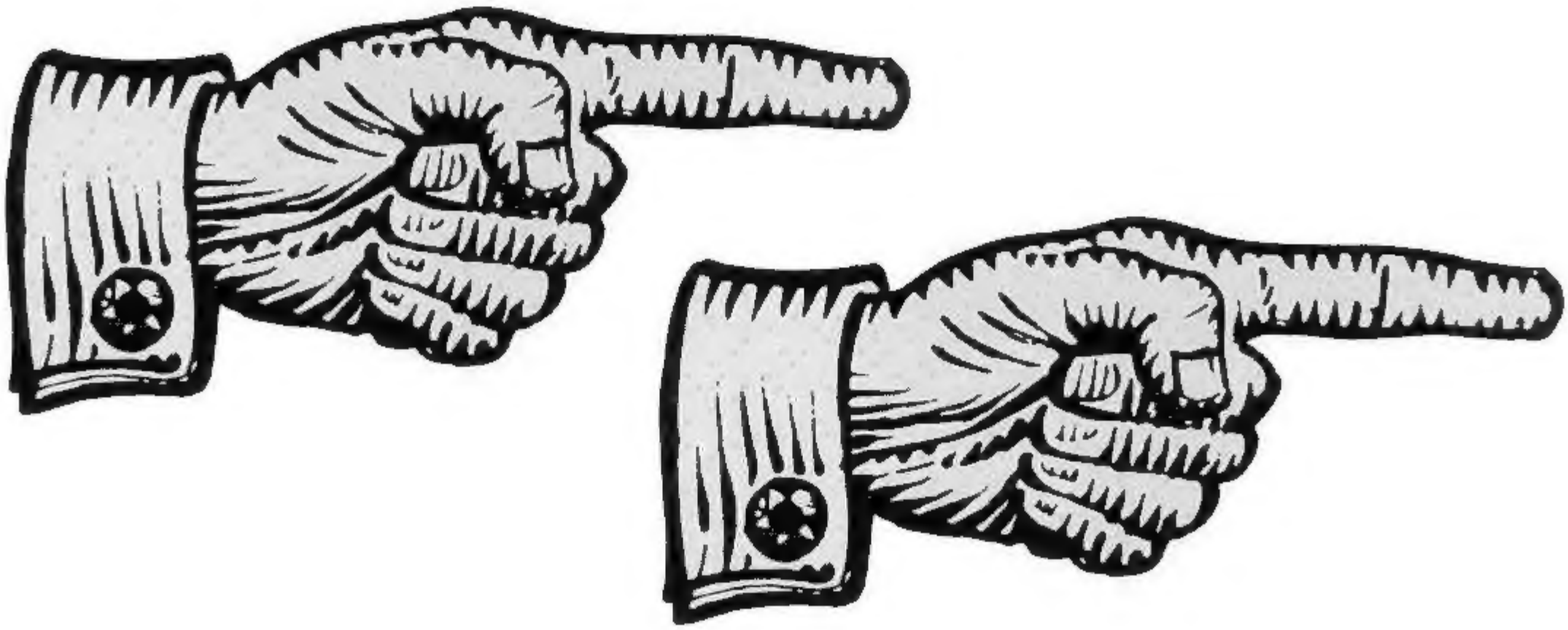
We want the Governor to appropriate a billion dollars to improve the lot of itinerant workers . . . and clean up nuclear radiation fall-out!
In that case, you'll have to come back later!!
You mean you need time to raise the money . . .?
No . . . we need the time to elect a NEW GOVERNOR who will understand what you're talking about!
NUKE THE WHALES
VOTE FOR ALFRED E. NEUMAN
NUKES


Why do you suppose we always come into the kitchen in the middle of the night at the exact same time each week?
One reason is: we're always worried about some crisis—like "Parents' Night" at Kutie's school!
Oh . . .? I thought we met here so we wake up Miss Krauseheimer, so she can storm in and give us a chance to do some "ugliness jokes" about her!
That's the other reason!

Kutie's problems always become real tear-jerkers when we point out that she's a motherless child, and I'm all she has!
How come we never mention what happened to your wife? Is she dead?
No, she ran off with another man! She said he was a more interesting person than me!
That description would fit anybody in this State!!
Go to bed before you vake up zee whole house!! Chust look vot TIME it iss . . .!
I can't! Your face just stopped the clock!
With HER looks, she could stop a sun dial!
Notice her neat appearance! Not a wrinkle out of place!
I tried to send her to a BEAUTY PARLOR . . . but they refused to take her case . . .!
That's a good one! Got any more ugly jokes?
No! That's about it for now!
Then, let's turn in and plan to meet here again tomorrow!
What's with her. . .??
She's threatening to hold her breath till she explodes because we still haven't promised to go to "Parents' Night" this evening!
Big deal! The Sheik's threatening to make the whole world explode if we don't entertain him tonight!
Well, Kutie says he'd never get away with that bluff if Winston Churchill were still in charge instead of you!!
Oh, yeah . . .? Well, I'M not in charge! Your FATHER is supposed to make the big decisions around here!!
Don't SAY that!! You'll scare the child to death!!
We'd better do as the Sheik wants and hold that Reception tonight!
To avoid risking the loss of half the people on Earth??
No, to avoid risking the loss of half the people in our audience! They only tune in to see Kutie become even more adorable as she bravely accepts disappointments week after week!
Ze Sheik of Rajput sent zis over as a good vill gift for ze Governor!!
It could be a trick! Did you tell the Chief of Security to rush over here with a metal detector?
No, vit a big shovel and a bucket! Only a dumbkopf like YOU would try to clean up after an elephant with a metal detector!!
He's nifty! Can Daddy and I take him with us to "Parents' Night"?
I know this will break your heart, Kutie, but your Father can't go!
Okay . . . then I'll just take the elephant! It'll be nice having somebody smarter than DADDY to talk to!
Well . . . so much for the tearful scene where you bravely accept disappointment!

Morning, Bentson! Nice elephant you've got there!
Governor, we're up to that weekly segment where you're supposed to show the audience that you're not only stupid, you're absent-minded as well! So never mind the elephant!
What elephant . . .??
That's much better!
Zee Sheik iss due any time now! It iss gudt you could help us vit zee last minute preparations, Governor!
Oh, I enjoy keeping busy! Have you noticed how being a Governor never seems to take up any of my time?!? I wonder WHICH State this is supposed to be?!
I sure hope it's not in the SOUTH!
With my big mouth, I could be in real big trouble!
Hey, Man! Call off these jivin' dogs! I'm the Sheik's Prime Minister. . .!
Sorry, Brother! Krause-heimer has trained them to hate all of us NON-ARYANS! You're lucky you don't look JEWISH!
DOWN, Schnappsie!
DOWN, Schlitzer!!
Those jive turkey mutts better watch who they're messin' with!
You don't look like an Arab to me . . .!
I'm NOT!! The Sheik is an Equal Opportunity Employer . . . especially now that all the REAL Arabs own oil wells . . . and WON'T DO windows, or Prime-Ministering!!
Governor. . . the Sheik's waiting for you in the Reception Hall! Move your tail up there before I get teed off!
Uudt vipe zat silly shmile off your face! Do you vant zee Sheik to think vee vork for an IDIOT?!
That's not the WORST thing he'll think if you don't take off that frilly apron! C'mon . . . shape up, Man!
It's lucky I'm a powerful and respected Chief of State! Otherwise, you people might REALLY treat me rotten!
VOTE MAD
His Excellency. . . the Sheik of Rajput!
Hi! Are you the guy who's threatening to do all those terrible things to us if I don't act nice?
I guess so! Are you the guy who runs this whole big place?
I guess so! You want some punch? It's grape!
I guess so! I— I like ORANGE the best, but grape is okay, I guess!

They seem to be getting along nicely together!
Yeah, but your boss sure seems to be an awful nerd to be a Sheik! How'd he get the job?
He inherited it from his Father! What's YOUR man's excuse?
He's just ABC's idea of the typical American male! First, it was Lenny and Squiggy! Then it was Mr. Roper! And now, it's a dim-witted Governor!!
ACME HELP FOR HIRE
CAN A PERS
PLEASE DON'T EAT THE FLOWERS
We're going to my office to play! The Sheik wants to see my special phone with all the buttons I can push to make bureaucrats come when I want them . . .
And I get to mess with his Xerox, too! Boy, I haven't seen so much neat stuff in one place since my Son's school held "Parents' Night"!
PARENTS' NIGHT!
Isn't this working out nicely! I phoned the teacher and said we'd be bringing a distinguished foreign visitor with us!
But you told me nobody could go to Parents' Night because the fat guy in the bed sheet would get real sore and—
Er—the child was just telling us how she and her little friends have worked for weeks, planning this event in your honor! It's a touching tribute indeed, and—
Clam up and let's go, Trailer! This kid's got sharp teeth!!
I made this pot-holder out of an old rubber sheet that Daddy used when he was still a bed-wetter!!
Neat-o! At Parents' Night in my Country, the kids just make little displays by piling their gold bars on their desks!
It's great . . . sharing moments like this with loved ones! If you'd come from a big family, you'd understand . . .
Oh, I came from a REAL BIG family! In fact, I went to work for YOU just so I'd GET AWAY from them! But they're still around! Look!
I can't believe I've come to a Parents' Night for a VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY! This is the craziest thing we've done yet!
Shhh! It's just a cameo appearance to help Bentson!
Yoo-hoo! Bentson! We're here!!



Nothing to see here!

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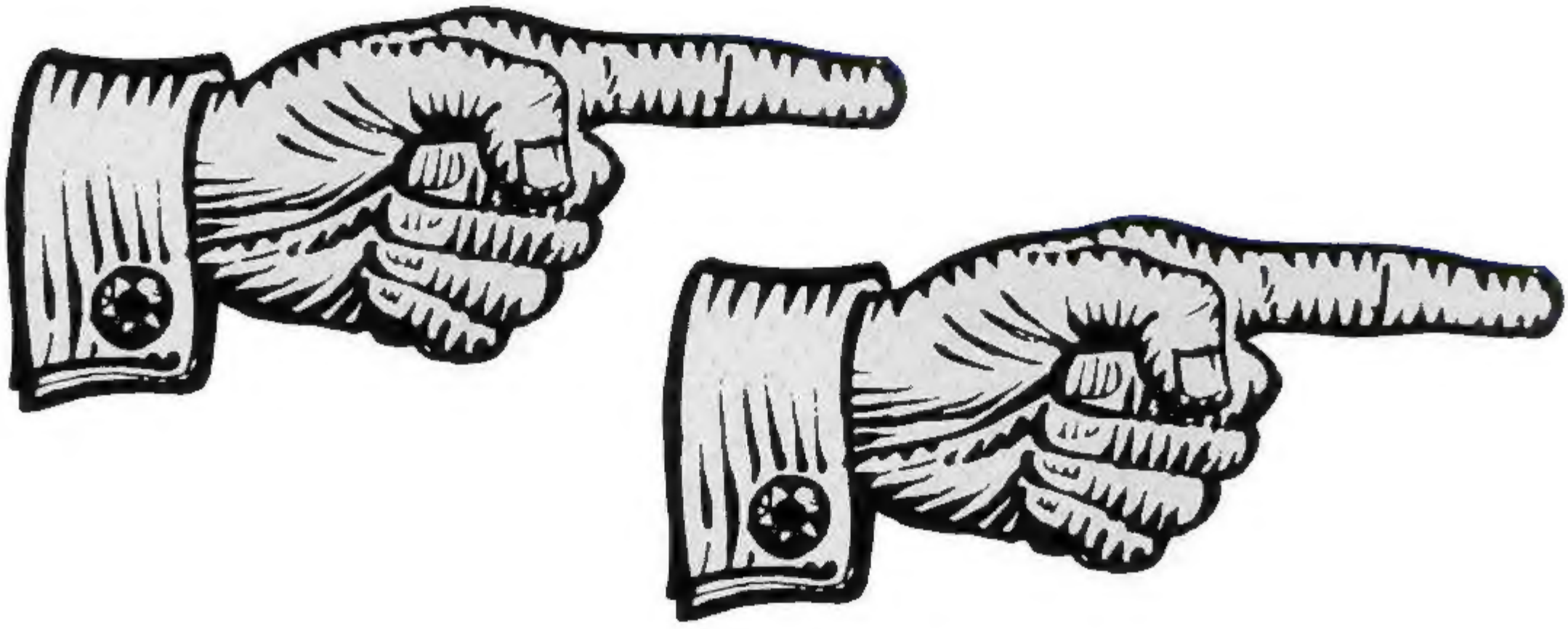

WHAT NEW WAY ARE PEOPLE FALLING "HEAD OVER HEELS" THESE DAYS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every generation that comes along discovers new ways to do the same old things. To find out how people are falling "head over heels" these days, merely fold in the page as shown on the right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A► FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◄B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

R M LOVES P T
SYLVIA AND RONALD
HERMAN AND IRMA UPSHULTZ DID IT HERE
MARVIO LOVES CAPRICE FOREVER AND EVER
YIPPY! HIRAM McBRIDE LOVES BROWN
G.M LOVES B.O
Jaffee

ROMANTIC LOVE IS APPEALING, BUT A RICHER, FULLER LOVE NEEDS CHARACTER, TOO. BEAUTY ONLY SKIN DEEP, DOESN'T ALWAYS GUARANTEE HAPPY MATING!

ARTIST AND WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A► ◄B

WHAT NEW WAY ARE PEOPLE FALLING "HEAD OVER HEELS" THESE DAYS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST AND WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

ROLLER

SKATING!

A▸◂B

OUR NATION'S *LOWEST* AWARD...

THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF *DIS*HONOR

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

MAIL TO YOUR DESERVING LEGISLATOR!